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THE BOOKMAN

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CHRONICLE AND COMMENT.

The Editors of THE BOOKMAN *cannot undertake to return rejected manuscripts, whether stamps are enclosed or not; and to this rule no exception will be made.*

A new and popular edition of Sienkiewicz's *With Fire and Sword* will be published in the spring by Messrs. Little, Brown and Company. It will contain a new portrait of the author and his children, and a map of the Polish Commonwealth.

❀

Soutien de Famille, the novel which Alphonse Daudet completed just before his death, will be issued simultaneously in Paris, London, and New York. It will be published in this country by Messrs. G. P. Putnam's Sons.

❀

Alphonse Daudet was always greatly interested in the works of *les jeunes*, among whom his son Léon is one of the most prominent writers. Zola has, on the other hand, never shown the least sympathy with the young men of the Quartier Latin, and his attacks on *les jeunes* ("mes petiots," he called them) in the *Figaro*, which were afterward republished in *Nouvelle Campagne*, were received with great indignation.

❀

Mr. Charles G. D. Roberts has nearly finished a new novel entitled *A Sister to Evangeline*. It is the second book in a trilogy. (*The Forge in the Forest* was the first), which, when completed, will deal with aspects of life and historical events occurring in Nova Scotia during the *régime* of New France, several of the main characters figuring throughout the series. It will probably be published in the spring by Messrs. Lamson, Wolffe and Company. The same firm will publish at once a new volume of poems by Mr. Roberts, entitled *New York Nocturnes*.

A volume of stories by Mr. Paul Laurence Dunbar, the "Ethiopian Muse," is announced for publication in the spring. Mr. Dunbar's stories are of his own people, and his success as a story-writer will probably surpass his popularity as a poet in the negro dialect field. Mr. E. W. Kemble is at present engaged in drawing a number of illustrations for the book. Mr. Dunbar's novel, *The Uncalled*, will not appear until the autumn. Messrs. Dodd, Mead and Company, who publish his *Lyrics of Lowly Life*, will also publish his stories.

❀

Mr. Frankfort Moore's new novel, *A Fatal Gift*, now running in the *Queen*, is to be published in this country by Messrs. Dodd, Mead and Company. This very strong novel deals with the fortunes of the famous Miss Gunnings, and is believed to be Mr. Moore's best achievement.

❀

Last month we called attention to the fact that the title of Max Müller's forthcoming volume of reminiscences, *Auld Lang Syne*, had already been used by Mr. Clark Russell and Ian Maclaren. We learn from the pages of *Literature* that Mr. Frank R. Stockton has almost completed a story of considerable length, to be entitled *A Cycle of Cathay*. Is Mr. Stockton aware that a book on China, by Dr. W. A. P. Martin, was published with this title by the F. H. Revell Company about a year ago? The Messrs. Scribner, by the way, will publish immediately Max Müller's volume in this country.

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Mr. Leslie Stephen has lately published an appreciation of Tennyson, in which he ascribes far higher praise to the technical perfection of the Laureate's verse than to his thought. Commenting on this, a contributor to the London *Author* tells an interesting anecdote, which serves to show that the poet held the same opinion himself. It appears that once, while dining at John Sterling's, Tennyson suddenly observed apropos of nothing in particular:

"I don't think that since Shakespeare there has been such a master of the English language as I am."

And then, when every one at the table looked up in astonishment, he added calmly:

"To be sure, I've got nothing to say!"

❀

Several enthusiastic correspondents have written us to ask whether we don't think that Mr. Paul Potter's play, *The Conquerors*, now having a very successful run at the Empire Theatre in this city, is a remarkably good play—in fact, a welcome change after the dreary and commonplace productions that have of late been put upon the stage. Dramatic criticism is not one of our professed functions, but we don't mind saying that we consider *The Conquerors*, on the whole, and in spite of some effective situations, a very poor piece of work. Its construction is faulty, its central situation is improbable, its connection is not always clear, and, finally, its details are often lacking in verisimilitude. It jars upon our sense of reasonableness to hear a group of German officers quartered in a French château casually parodying Bret Harte, and quoting Stevenson's *Treasure Island*. Nor do we think that a fiery Frenchman, who is just about to shoot a German to avenge a sister's honour, and who has actually placed his pistol to the other's head, would desist and falter and give up his purpose merely because the bell of a contiguous chapel happened to ring. He surely would have pulled the trigger first and listened to the bell-ringing afterward. We might mention also that the famous revel in which a number of ladies from a *café chantant* favour the aforesaid officers with their presence would be more like life if the guests seated themselves at all four sides of the table, as they would actually do anywhere else than on the stage. And the actors who take the part of Germans should get someone to show them how German soldiers actually give the military salute, and should practise the pronunciation of the few German words which Mr. Potter has carefully worked into his text. The acting, on the whole, is very good, though Mr. William Faversham is mistaken in thinking that a display of the lower teeth is a recognised indication of violent love. Miss Viola Allen and Miss Blanche Walsh do excellently well, especially the latter, whose acting is natural, sincere, and strong; but Miss May Robson, in her endeavour to sustain her reputation for eccentric make-ups, has gone over the line, and instead of being laughable, as she intended, has only succeeded in making her appearance repulsive.

❀

An interesting manuscript, now almost completed, is soon to be published by the Harpers under the title *A Book of Remembrance*. It is written by Mrs. E. D. Gillespie, who has been for many years one of the most prominent women of Philadelphia, both from a social and from a public standpoint. Mrs. Gillespie is a great-granddaughter of Benjamin Franklin, and her book opens with a number of fresh anecdotes in regard to him, and a vivid picture of him as he appeared to his own family. Mrs. Gillespie is now over seventy-five years of age, and the account of the numerous public affairs in which she has taken part and the celebrated people that she has met form, perhaps, the most interesting portion of her book. She was postmistress at the great Sanitary Fair, and the head of the woman's department of the Centennial Exhibition in 1876. Seven years of her life were spent in Europe, where she possessed unusual opportunities for meeting people and seeing points of interest usually inaccessible to the tourist. The book is to be brought up to date, finishing with an account of what she calls her life work, the establishment of the Museum of Industrial Art, which has been practically an outgrowth of the Centennial.

❀

The new edition of Charles Lever's novels, edited by his daughter, which

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we announced some months ago as in preparation by Messrs. Downey and Company, of London, is now fairly on the way, and eight of the thirty-seven volumes have already been published. Messrs. Roberts Brothers have made arrangements to issue, by subscription, sixty numbered sets of the limited edition, bearing the English imprint on the title-page. It is illustrated from the original plates etched by Phiz and George Cruikshank for the first editions, so that these volumes will be enriched by the whole of the etchings and drawings, over six hundred in number, which gave so much pleasure to a former generation. The interesting prefaces, written by Lever shortly before his death, will be included in this edition. The price of each volume will be $3.50, and the books will be sold in sets only.

❀

We note that many of the reviews of Paul Leicester Ford's *The Story of an Untold Love* criticise its title rather sharply, because, to quote from one, "the love was told." It is impossible, of course, that so learned a class as critics should not be familiar with the English language; nevertheless, a consultation of the dictionary would show them that the word "untold" does have two meanings; that the title of the book in question could hardly be improved upon; and that if there is inexactness anywhere, it must be in the critic or in the dictionary, and not in the author.

❀

Mr. Joseph Conrad's new story, published within the last few weeks in England, is doing very well there, in spite of its ungainly title. We understand that Mr. Conrad is delighted with the title given to the American edition, namely, *The Children of the Sea*, which fits the book to a nicety, whereas *The Nigger of the "Narcissus"* means nothing to the average mind. We notice that that acute critic, Mr. L. F. Austin, calls Mr. Conrad's new story "one of the most fascinating studies of seafaring life that I know," and Stephen Crane declares that "it is unquestionably the best story of the sea written by a man now alive." The author, he says, "comes nearer to an ownership of the mysterious life on the ocean than anybody who has written in this century." Mr. Conrad was stoutly recommended for the *Academy* prize, which was obtained by Mr. Stephen Phillips.

❀

The report that Mr. W. W. Jacobs has resigned his position in the English post-office is not correct. The step has been urged upon him by literary friends, but Mr. Jacobs does not find that the sober routine of a government office interferes greatly with his work, as he is not likely to produce more than one book a year. *Many Cargoes* is now in its tenth edition in England, and *The Skipper's Wooing* has already gone into a second. In this country also the books have met with gratifying success, and both volumes are to be issued in the Tauchnitz Library. Mr. Jacobs will contribute stories to *Harper's* and *McClure's Magazine* during the year, besides a series for the *Strand*.

❀

Messrs. Copeland and Day will publish immediately a volume of poems of unusual interest. Mr. Lionel Johnson has put together another book of poetry, in which the twofold note of inspiration again appears, the austere majesty of the golden poetry of the Greeks with the passionate freedom and wild sweetness of the Celtic Muse. As in his former work, the love for Ireland and the strong Catholic sentiment are predominant; the book, indeed, opens with a long poem on "Ireland," which, by the way, is inscribed to Mrs. Clement Shorter, whose *Fairy Changeling, and Other Poems* was reviewed in our last number.

❀

Ibsen's seventieth birthday will be celebrated on March 20th. We understand that on that date a complete edition of his works in German in nine volumes will be published in Berlin.

❀

An announcement concerning the author of *The Delectable Duchy*, made by the Messrs. Scribner, will bring satisfaction to the admirers of Mr. Quiller-Couch in this country. "Q" was one of the new writers of fiction who, with Barrie, Stevenson, and others, suffered at the hands of enterprising publishers before the international copyright law came into force. Mr. Quiller-Couch's

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tales and novels, now scattered under various imprints, are being brought together by the Messrs. Scribner, who have done such excellent work in this way during the last two or three years, and arrangements have been made with the author to publish the new edition, after thorough revision, in six volumes. The set will probably be issued during the spring.

❀

Messrs. Dodd, Mead and Company will publish in March *Charles Dickens: a Critical Study*, by George Gissing. "More than a quarter of a century has now elapsed," writes Mr. Gissing, "since the death of Charles Dickens. The time which shaped him and sent him forth is so far behind us as to have become a matter of historical study for the present generation; the time which knew him as one of its foremost figures, and owed so much to the influences of his wondrous personality, is already made remote by a social revolution of which he watched the mere beginning. It seems possible to regard Dickens from the standpoint of posterity; to consider his career, to review his literary work, and to estimate his total activity in relation to an age which, intelligibly speaking, is no longer our own." Mr. Gissing's study will be of decided interest at the present time, when there seems to be something like a revival of Dickens, as well as for the reasons he gives above for reconsidering one of the greatest reputations of the century. An interesting controversy is again raised in Mr. Gissing's intention, as stated in his opening chapter, "to vindicate him [Dickens] against the familiar complaint that, however trustworthy his background, the figures designed upon it in general are mere forms of fantasy. On re-reading his work, it is not thus that Dickens's characters on the whole impress me. With reserves which will appear in the course of my essay, I believe him to have been what he always claimed to be, a very accurate painter of the human beings no less than of the social conditions he saw about him. . . . Readers of Dickens who exclaim at the 'unreality' of his characters (I do not here speak of his conduct of a story) will generally be found unacquainted with the English lower classes of to-day." It will be seen that Mr. Gissing has a certain fitness for estimating Dickens's work in this field, and among these classes—"a class (or classes)," as he says himself, "characterised by dulness, prejudice, dogged individuality, and manners, to say the least, unengaging." For among them Mr. Gissing has spent much of his life, and they form not only the background of his own work, but the figures projected upon it.

❀

The *Academy* has recently been considering some of the younger reputations, and in connection with the review of *The Whirlpool*, which appears on another page, some things that the writer in the *Academy* has to say of the author will interest our readers. From first to last, from *Eve's Ransom* to *The Whirlpool*, Mr. Gissing has written a round dozen of admirable novels, solid, honest, patient novels, such as but few men in the face of comparative neglect have the grit to turn out. And they are novels full of ideas. No one works more under the domination of the idea than Mr. Gissing. The writer in the *Academy* cites the remorseless analysis and indictment of Mr. Gissing's own profession in his novel *New Grub Street*, in which Harold Biffen, the realist, lives on bread and dripping in a garret, rejoices in the Greek choric metres, and thus expounds his theory of the art of fiction, which we may take to be in part Mr. Gissing's also:

"What I really aim at is an absolute realism in the sphere of the ignobly decent. The field, as I understand it, is a new one. I don't know any writer who has treated ordinary vulgar life with fidelity and seriousness. Zola writes deliberate tragedies; his vilest figures become heroic from the place they fill in a strongly imagined drama. I want to deal with the essentially unheroic, with the day-to-day life of that vast majority of people who are at the mercy of paltry circumstance. Dickens understood the possibility of such work, but his tendency to melodrama on the one hand, and his humour on the other, prevented him from thinking of it. An instance, now. As I came along by Regent's Park, half an hour ago, a man and a girl were walking close in front of me, love-making. I passed them slowly and heard a good deal of their talk—it was part of the situation that they should pay no heed to a stranger's proximity. Now, such a love scene as that has absolutely never been written down; it was entirely decent, yet vulgar to the *n*th power. Dickens would have made it ludicrous—a gross injustice. Other men who deal with low-class life would perhaps have preferred idealising it—an absurdity. For my own part, I am going

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to reproduce it *verbatim*, without one single impertinent suggestion of any point of view save that of honest reporting. The result will be something unutterably tedious. Precisely. That is the stamp of the ignobly decent life. If it were anything *but* tedious, it would be untrue."

We have said that Harold Biffen's theory is Mr. Gissing's in part, because he is not a pure realist. The "ignobly decent" is his subject; he observes it laboriously, minutely, from every conceivable point of view. But he does not merely observe it—he condemns. And that makes all the difference; it turns Mr. Gissing from a realist into a pessimist. His books are crowded with failures—failures that might so easily have been successes. He shows you idealism thwarted by the pettiest of barriers, by imperfect education, by imagined social requirements, by natural instinct prompting to foolish marriage, and, most frequent of all, by just a hundred a year too little; ambitions warped, the joy of life crushed. The middle class with its infinitesimal grades is Mr. Gissing's field of study; his gentlefolk do not convince. On the other hand, he can venture into the slums, and in *The Nether World* has anticipated Mr. Arthur Morrison, whose *Tales of a Mean Street* fulfilled Mr. Gissing's intention.

❀

Messrs. Houghton, Mifflin and Company have now in preparation a book of essays on *French Essayists and Romancers*, which ought to be sure of a welcome from American readers, as the subjects of these essays are writers of whom Americans generally are in ignorance. Among eminent contemporary French writers considered are Pierre Loti, Guy de Maupassant, Zola as an Evolutionist, Edmond de Goncourt, Jean Martin Charcot, Paul Bourget, Eugène de Vogüé, Ferdinand Brunetière, Jules Lemaître, Anatole France, and Mme. Blanc Bentzon as a Romancer. Mlle. De Bury, the author, writes from personal knowledge of these writers and full acquaintance with their various contributions to French literature. Her treatment combines an authentic account of the authors with a judicious estimate of their writings. The book will be published in the spring.

❀

The same firm will publish in March a new volume by Mrs. Prince, entitled *At the Sign of the Silver Crescent*. The scenes are laid in Paris and Touraine, and the story deals with modern French life. It is said to be written with greater literary skill than her previous novels. Mr. Hopkinson Smith's *Caleb West* and Mrs. Wiggin's *Penelope's Progress in Scotland*, both of which have been appearing in the *Atlantic*, will also issue from the same house during the month.

❀

Not long ago we noted that the French editor of Quicherat's Latin Dictionary had cited Harper's Latin Lexicon as being an English book, and we commented on the English reprint of this work as having been brought out in such a form as to conceal its American origin. A letter from Mr. Henry Frowde informs us that we were in error in this matter, inasmuch as the English edition specifically credits the book to American scholarship, both on the title-page and in the preface. In making this correction, therefore, we must transfer our censure to the Frenchman, whose unscholarly carelessness led him to make the blunder to which we called attention.

❀

We note with interest that Mr. Israel U. Sage, who used to enliven our Letter-Box with his criticisms and philological tenuities, has lately taken to writing letters to the New York *Times*. In one of these he describes us as "brilliant but erratic." We like to be called brilliant, and don't mind being called erratic; for when Mr. Sage says that we are erratic, it only means that our opinions are unlike some of those entertained by Mr. Sage. Which is true.

❀

We learn from the London *Sketch* that Mr. W. B. Yeats is bent on making the celebration of '98 a great event in Ireland. Mr. Yeats is the most able exponent of the Celtic movement to-day, and possesses, indeed, all the qualities of the Celt—his enthusiasms, his superstitions, his alternations of optimism and pessimism, and, above all, his imagination. His genius has found expression in some of the most exquisite lyrical poetry of our time; his prose stories and articles Mr. George Moore has been rash enough to praise to the disadvantage of Stevenson. It will be

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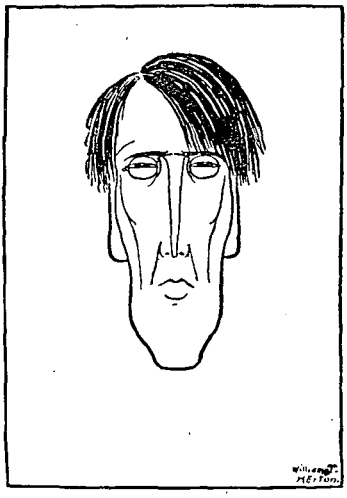
remembered that he wrote a most delightful little play, *The Land of Heart's Desire*, which was performed with some measure of success in London. He is now engaged on the production of a regular modern Irish drama, and negotiations are going forward for the presentation of a number of plays by living authors on the Dublin stage. Mr. Yeats, Miss Fiona Macleod, and Mr. George Moore are among the Irish writers whose work, it is hoped, is thus to receive recognition through what may be called an Irish Independent Theatre.



W. B. YEATS

❀

Messrs. Little, Brown and Company have in press a romance of Palestine, entitled *Hassan: A Fellah*, by Henry Gillman. The author lived in Palestine for over five years, and during his residence there had unusual and peculiar advantages for observing the people and the country. The characters in the story are taken from studies made upon the spot, and the description of Jerusalem and the surrounding country is of the land as it is to-day, and the time is the present. The book is said to be one of uncommon interest and power and intensely dramatic. It is, we believe, dedicated to Mr. Gladstone with his permission—a very unusual exception on his part. The same firm will publish a new story by the author of *In a North Country Village*, entitled *The Duenna of a Genius*. It is a musical story, the heroine being a young Hungarian violinist who, with her sister, goes to London fired with ambition, whereupon follows the romantic meeting of the violinist with a great pianist, after which all ends happily. *The King's Henchman*, a chronicle of the sixteenth century, brought to life and edited by John Fourcade, will also be published by the same house. Henry of Navarre, that hero of a hundred fights and as many gallant adventures, again appears on the scene. The story is one of love and adventure.

❀

A page of the *Critic* was lately devoted to a scientific, well-sustained, and wholly amicable bout between Professor Sidney G. Ashmore, of Union College, and one of the *Critic's* reviewers, who does not give his name. The question at issue was whether the form "Vergil" is preferable to "Virgil," Professor Ashmore arguing that it is, the Reviewer taking the other side, and both, of course, admitting that *Vergilius* is the absolutely accurate Latin form. Each combatant appears to great advantage; excellent points are made by each; and the whole controversy is very interesting; but we rather think that the Professor has the better of it. The Reviewer's case seems to rest on the alleged fact that while "Vergil" may be theoretically better than "Virgil" it would, if universally adopted, logically necessitate a number of other changes in the conventional spelling of classical names, a thing that would be awkward and practically impossible. That is, he thinks that it is better to be wholly wrong than occasionally right. But we don't quite see this ourselves. When a change in the spelling of even a single word becomes possible, and will give it a more accurate form, then why not make it? It is just so much clear gain. Thus, if any one prefers, as many do, to write "rime" instead of "rhyme," we applaud him; for "rime" is etymologically and historically correct. But there is no crumb of comfort for "fonetik refawrmers" in this admission; since their proposed changes are based upon nothing more than a desire to save time, ignoring the impressive fact that a Fonetik Refawrmer's time can be of no possible use to any one, not even to himself.

❀

There has been a burst of blunders lately in the press—just why we do not know. Here is the dramatic critic of the *Times* speaking of the French general, Bourbaki, as "General Bourbaké." Here, too, is the kindly *Chap-Book* allud-

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ing to the "concensus" of opinion. And the *Evening Post* (lasso !) describes a certain political measure as being "a Frankenstein to its creators." This last error is so very common that the *Post* ought to have avoided it. How did any one ever get the idea that Frankenstein was the monster rather than the creator of the monster?

❀

A good deal of fun is being made of a new London journal called *The Quill Driver*, in which every book review is written by the author of the book himself. But, after all, this is not a bad idea. If an author were seriously and honestly to review his own book, he could make the criticism not only interesting, but extremely instructive; for every author, like every artist in any other line of work, knows better than any one else can ever know his own limitations, his own imperfections, and the exact points in which he has failed to reach his own ideal. If, on the other hand, the author-reviewer were to write dishonestly and insincerely, he would be likely to produce a review which would be, at least, amusing. And finally the *Quill Driver's* scheme has one very conspicuous and striking merit. No one can say of any of its reviews that the reviewer has never read the book !

❀

The publication by Messrs. Charles Scribner's Sons, on January 20th, of Professor Hinsdale's volume on *Horace Mann and the Common School Revival in the United States*, brings the Great Educators Series, as originally planned, within measurable distance of completion. The two remaining volumes, *Rousseau* and *Pestalozzi*, are expected to appear during the present year. The *Rousseau* has been assigned to Mr. Thomas Davidson, who contributed the volume on *Aristotle and Ancient Educational Ideals* to the same series. The author of the *Pestalozzi*, though he enjoys an enviable reputation among students of the literature of education, is almost unknown to the general reading public. He is M. A. Pinloche, Professor of German Philology and Literature in the University of Lille, France.

❀

M. Pinloche has had an interesting history. He was born in Paris in 1856, his father being a stone-mason and his mother a burnisher. He left school at the age of twelve to work for his living, first as an apprentice to a small merchant, and then as an employé of a large commission house. He carried on his studies meanwhile, and when twenty-two years of age was able to begin his formal secondary education at the Lycée Louis-le-Grand. In 1880 he took the degree of *bachelier-ès-lettres*, with distinction, and entered upon his academic career. In 1883 he became *agrégé*, thus having in five years completed the difficult course of study to which twice that length of time is usually devoted. He taught successively at the College of Beauvais, the Lycée Charlemagne in Paris, and the Lycée at Rennes. In 1889 he was made *maître de conférences* for English literature and philology at the University of Lille, and in 1892 was promoted to the professorship that he still holds.

❀

M. Pinloche has published a number of books, including several German text-books. His chief work is *La Réforme de l'Éducation en Allemagne au 18ème Siècle* (Paris, 1889), which Max Müller has pronounced "the classical work on the subject." M. Pinloche is often affectionately referred to as the "workman professor," and is proud of the title.

❀

With the appearance of *Judges, Psalms*, and *Isaiah* in three separate parts, the Polychrome Bible has at last entered upon its important publication. The immediate response which has awarded the efforts of the editors and publishers in launching this great undertaking promises an immense and instantaneous success. The next two volumes will be *Leviticus* and *Ezekiel*, and are announced to appear in April.

❀

Messrs. Dodd, Mead and Company, who are the publishers of the Polychrome Bible, have also in the press a book of unique interest, especially addressed to clergymen. Under the title of *The Clerical Life* a series of letters have been written on the special difficulties, trials, and experiences of the clergy, based on the underlying principle of the late Mr. Hamerton's *Intellectual Life*. These letters have been contributed by eminent clergymen, among whom are Dr. John Watson, Dr.

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Marcus Dods, Dr. W. Robertson Nicoll, and Dr. George Adam Smith. *The Clerical Life*, which, by the way, will afford instruction and enlightenment to the lay reader as well, will be published immediately. The same firm announce for immediate publication Mr. Steevens's *With the Conquering Turk*, which was postponed last autumn. Mr. Steevens will be remembered as the author of that brilliant book published last spring, *The Land of the Dollar*. *From Tonkin to India*, by Prince Henri of Orleans, will also figure among the spring books of this firm. It will be a remarkably beautiful book, with many illustrations and about one hundred fine engravings.

❀

"Between the Lines at Stone River," a clever war story which appeared in the January *Harper's*, and which brought down upon the author quite a mail-bag of letters, showing that war stories hit the bull's eye with the public, is noteworthy for its authorship. Captain F. A. Mitchel, who wrote it, is probably the only veteran (of prominence at least) who is spinning battle yarns. Captain King, most of whose stories are of life in the regular army, was graduated from West Point in 1865, where, oddly enough, he was a close friend of Captain Mitchel's brother, so that he can hardly count as a veteran, unless some boyish service he saw as the orderly of his father makes him one. The fact is, that when we want realistic battle work nowadays, we go for it to some adolescent genius, like Stephen Crane, whose powers of imaginative realism seem to deceive even the elect—the veterans themselves. Captain Mitchel is a son of Major-General O. M. Mitchel, the astronomer general—known in the army as "Old Stars"—of acknowledged eminence as a scientists on both sides of the ocean when he laid aside the telescope for the sword. He was in command of the Department of the South when his death (October, 1862) frustrated great expectations for a distinguished army career. Captain Mitchel, after being graduated at Brown University, served for two years as an aide-de-camp on his father's staff, receiving his commission direct from President Lincoln. He saw quite a little of active service, although he had no part in any great battle. He followed business pursuits after the war. Having published a life of his father, he drifted into writing when along in middle life, through the Major O. J. Smith of the American Press Association, known in all newspaper offices through its handling of syndicate matter. Captain Mitchel's syndicated stories, "Chattanooga" and "Chickamauga," proved so popular, that he tried his hand at more ambitious work, his novel, *Sweet Revenge*, having been brought out by the Harpers within the year. It has been well received, and gives promise of better work to come. It will, indeed, be interesting if a veteran, drawing on the experiences of his own young manhood, prove a strong writer of genuine, realistic war stories—a unique combination of pen and sword.

❀

Speaking of things interesting, not only for themselves, but for their authorship, how many readers of Mr. John S. Durham's discussion of the unfriendly attitude of labour unions toward the coloured brother, contributed to the February *Atlantic*, guessed that the author was himself one of the proscribed race? Mr. Durham is a mulatto of lightest shade, once minister to Hayti, now a resident of Philadelphia, and engaged in a West India shipping business. The article would never of itself betray the race of its author, for though it is strong, it has none of the heat of personal resentment one would naturally look for. At the end of it Mr. Durham speaks of the increasingly popular expedient of "passing for white" among coloured persons "whose complexion and hair permit." These fortunates, by silence at least, conceal their race, marry whites, and achieve a permanent, recognised place as whites for themselves and their families. With a generosity characteristic of their race (in white human nature so often misery loves company) coloured persons knowing the antecedents of these deserters seldom betray them. Mr. Durham thinks that in time this "passing for white" may be so generally and successfully practised as to attract scientific investigation. What, then, will become of those sensational novels founded on the possibility of children of mixed marriage reverting to the racial type of the coloured parent, even though that parent have but a slight strain of African

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blood? One would say offhand that this possibility would stand in the way of any great increase in the practice of "passing for white," supposing persons of the proper "complexion and hair" be increasingly found. But probably Mr. Durham knows more about it than the sensational novel writers.

❀

The Publishers' Weekly in its summary of books published during 1897 makes the following showing in the number of books published by each of the firms mentioned. It is fair to state that the Macmillan Company, the number of whose publications would probably outrun all others, does not appear among the lists.

D. Appleton and Company, 123.
Charles Scribner's Sons, 121.
J. B. Lippincott Company, 113.
Houghton, Mifflin and Company, 104.
Longmans, Green and Company, 104.
Dodd, Mead and Company, 101.
Harper and Brothers, 89.
G. P. Putnam's Sons, 85.
Little, Brown and Company, 46.
The Century Company, 31.

❀

Mrs. Robert Hanning, the last of the Carlyles, died the other day in Canada, where she had made her home for over fifty years. She was in excellent health until the day of her death, which occurred after her eighty-third birthday. She was the Janet Carlyle of Froude's *Reminiscences* and Carlyle's favourite sister. We understand that the letters which Carlyle wrote his sister, and which cover the entire period of his literary activity, will be published, and will, no doubt, add something to what we already know about the Carlyles. It is said that they present him in a tender and amiable light, as it is known that his affection for his mother and for his "small Jenny" was the great saving influence in his life.

❀

Some good stories are told about Carlyle in a reminiscence contributed to the February *Atlantic*. An American pilgrim on his way to Craigenputtock upon making inquiry about the Carlyles was informed by one who lived in those parts. "Oh, ay, I ken the Carlyles. Tam is a writer of books, but we don't think much of him in these parts. Jeems is the best of the family; he sends the fattest pigs to Dumfries market." Another story tells how a visitor, on being introduced to James Carlyle, the youngest brother of the author, ventured to remark, "You will be proud of your great brother!" But he had mistaken his man. James rejoined in the broadest Doric, "Mee prood o' him! I think he should be prood o' mee."

❀

In one of Browning's letters one finds this sentence, "I dined with dear Carlyle and his wife (catch me calling people dear in a hurry except in letter beginnings) yesterday. I don't know any people like them."

❀

Rottingdean, near Brighton, where Mr. Rudyard Kipling had his home last summer, once very nearly became the summer residence of Thomas Carlyle. In 1855 Mrs. Carlyle desired to find a place for herself and her husband to which they might retreat when wearied. She wrote to him, "Positively I fancy I have found the coming cottage. . . . The name of it is Rottingdean. . . . The place itself is an old, sleepy-looking little village close on the sea, with simple, poor inhabitants, not a trace of a lady or gentleman bather to be seen—in fact, except at the end there were no lodgings visible. I asked the maid at the inn 'was it always as quiet as this?' 'Always,' she said in half a whisper, with a half sigh, 'a'most too quiet.'" The plan came to nothing, and Carlyle comments: "Dear soul, what trouble she took! what hope she had about it! *Sunt lachrymæ rerum.*"

❀

We have been reading with much interest the successive numbers of *Literature*, the new literary weekly published in London at the office of the *Times*, and in this country with the imprint of the Messrs. Harper and Brothers. The editor is Mr. H. D. Traill, and the American literary letter is contributed by Professor Barrett Wendell, of Harvard University. The first two or three issues were decidedly heavy, as might have been expected of anything emanating from the office of the "Thunderer;" but a very marked improvement has been noticeable with each number, until now the periodical is extremely inform-

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HENRY CABOT LODGE.

ing and readable. For this we are inclined to ascribe a good deal of credit to the American connection, since the long experience and admirable judgment of the Messrs. Harper were just the things requisite for transmuting British ponderosity into ease, lightness, and vivacity.

❀

Last month there was exhibited at the Avery Galleries in New York a collection of original paintings and drawings, including pictures by Howard Pyle, Harry Fenn, B. W. Clinedinst, H. C. Christy, F. C. Yohn, E. C. Peixotto, Carlton T. Chapman, and other artists. This exhibition was held under the auspices of the New York City Chapter of the Daughters of the American Revolution. The Revolutionary Pictures, as the exhibition is called, have already been exhibited with marked success in New Haven, Hartford, Providence, and Boston. Later exhibitions have been planned for Baltimore, Washington, and a number of prominent cities in the South and West. The collection forms an impressive gallery of Revolutionary art, worth many thousands of dollars. Strangely enough, this is the first time all the modern forces and resources of the illustrative art have been brought to bear upon this historical subject, and the promoters of the scheme are to be congratulated upon their unique achievement. Early last summer a corps of artists, some of them celebrated in the world of art, was commissioned by *Scribner's Magazine* to set out for various parts of the country, and to search among old records and memorabilia in order to make studies of the historical background and the prominent figures that passed across it for reproduction in the magazine. These pictures will be reproduced during the year, illustrating Senator Lodge's *Story of the Revolution* and Captain Mahan's *American Navy in the Revolution*, appearing in *Scribner's Magazine*. Fired with an ambition to do their work well, the artists have achieved results which have surpassed even the expectations of the publishers. Senator Lodge is especially delighted at the historical accuracy and vivid realism of the illustrations. One of his main ideas in writing about the Revolution was, he said, to present the struggle for independence as a vivid fight, reproducing the atmosphere and feeling of the time, and making its men and events realities instead of conventionally accepted text-book phrases. A very high compliment, therefore, is conveyed in his remark when he saw the first group of paintings made for the illustrations, "They have caught the very atmosphere of the thing."

❀

The London *Academy* has made its first award in the English Academy of Letters which it has set up—namely, one hundred guineas to Mr. Stephen Phillips, the author of *Christ in Hades*, which with its accompanying lyrics is now republished in a new volume of poems. In 1890 Mr. Phillips was one of four friends who published at Oxford a slender, brown paper-covered pamphlet of poetry called *Primavera*, but it was not until *Christ in Hades* appeared, some years later, in Mr. Elkin Matthews's Shilling Garland, that he made a distinct advance and took a step beyond the minor verse of his companions. Mr. Phillips is a descendant of Wordsworth. His *Poems* will be brought out immediately by Mr. John Lane. Meantime, let us give the reader a foretaste of Mr. Phillips's work in the following lines from what we think is the finest of Mr. Phillips's new poems, "Marpessa." The story of Mar-

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A CORNER OF THE REVOLUTIONARY PICTURES EXHIBITED AT THE AVERY GALLERIES, NEW YORK.

pessa is the subject of one of the recently recovered Odes of Bacchylides. Idas, the mortal lover of Marpessa, is the speaker. In the passionate human romance of this passage Mr. Phillips touches his highest point of lyric rapture :

"I love thee then
Not only for thy body packed with sweet
Of all this world, that cup of brimming June,
That jar of violet wine set in the air,
That palest rose sweet in the night of life ;
Nor for that stirring bosom all besieged
By drowsing lovers, or thy perilous hair ;
Nor for that face that might indeed provoke
Invasion of old cities ; no, nor all
Thy freshness stealing on me like strange sleep.
Not for this only do I love thee, but
Because Infinity upon thee broods ;
And thou art full of whispers and of shadows.
Thou meanest what the sea has striven to say
So long, and yearnéd up the cliffs to tell ;
Thou art what all the winds have uttered not,
What the still night suggesteth to the heart.
Thy voice is like to music heard ere birth,
Some spirit lute touched on a spirit sea ;
Thy face remembered is from other worlds,
It has been died for, though I know not when,
It has been sung of, though I know not where.
It has the strangeness of the luring West,
And of sad sea-horizons ; beside thee
I am aware of other times and lands,
Of birth far-back, of lives in many stars.
Of beauty lone and like a candle clear
In this dark country of the world ! Thou art
My woe, my early light, my music dying."

A portrait of Mr. Phillips follows on the next page.

The Rev. Charles Lutwidge Dodgson, known as Lewis Carroll, the famous author of *Alice in Wonderland*, died on January 14th, at the home of his sisters, The Chestnuts, Guildford, in England, at the age of sixty-five. Mr. Dodgson was born at Croft, near Darlington, in 1833. His father was Archdeacon of Richmond. Mr. Dodgson had a fairly distinguished career at Oxford, especially in mathematics, and became a student of Christ-Church. He published various books on Mathematics and Logic, none of them very important, but his real fame began with the publication of *Alice's Adventures in Wonderland* in 1865. This book was written for the daughters of Dean Liddell, and especially for Miss Alice Liddell, who died young. It is a book of distinct genius, and stands by itself. It was followed by several others of unequal merit. Mr. Dodgson at one time was accustomed to give much of his time to entertaining children in his beautiful rooms, taking them to the play, and in other ways amusing them. But his life became sadder as the solitary years closed about him, and in later life he saw very little of children, and greatly developed the eccentricities which had always to some extent characterised him. He practised the absurd affectation of refusing to be recognised

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LEWIS CARROLL.

as the author of his famous book. He acted with studied discourtesy toward journalists, was peculiarly eccentric, and we fancy very troublesome in his way of publishing. From many of his old friends he became entirely alienated, yet for the good work which he did for children his name will long be remembered and honoured.

❀

The following incident related of Lewis Carroll was characteristic of him, and bears out what we have just said about his eccentric behaviour. Last October a temerarious journalist called on Mr. Dodgson, and was received by him with a stately courtesy in his large study lined with books. He had evidently been read[illegible] in front of a blazing fire. His figure was slender and erect, his demeanour grave and reserved, and although somewhat worn, he seemed full of life. After a few words had been exchanged the visitor explained the object of his call, remarking that people would be greatly interested in reading a chat about his books, "especially *Alice in Wonderland*." Immediately at the utterance of that phrase Mr. Dodgson's manner completely changed, and he seemed to tremble with suppressed feeling. Rising from his seat and stuttering painfully, he said, "I cannot consent to anything of the nature of an interview. I do not acknowledge any book that has not my name upon it."

❀

Lewis Carroll was a visitor at Tudor House during Dante Gabriel Rossetti's tenancy, and in the new life of Christina Rossetti, by Mr. Mackenzie Bell, we find the following extract from Miss Rossetti:

"With such inhabitants, Tudor House and its grounds became a sort of wonderland; and once the author of *Wonderland* photographed us in the garden. It was our aim to appear in the full family group of five; but while various others succeeded, that particular negative was spoilt by a shower, and I possess a solitary print taken from it in which we appear as if splashed by ink."

One of the photographs which "succeeded," as mentioned in this extract, is reproduced in Mr. Bell's book, and through the kindness of the publishers, Messrs. Roberts Brothers, we are permitted to present a fac-simile of it to our readers.

❀

Of the Rossetti family the names of Christina and Dante, brother and sister, will be longest remembered. Interest

STEPHEN PHILLIPS.

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in them has been again revived by the publication of Mr. Mackenzie Bell's *Christina Rossetti* by the Messrs. Roberts, and of *The Letters of Dante Gabriel Rossetti to William Allingham* by the F. A. Stokes Company. These letters are edited by Dr. George Birbeck Hill, and not by Dr. Garnett, as stated by a contemporary. Messrs. Roberts Brothers have also reprinted an edition of Hall Caine's *Reminiscences of Dante Rossetti*—the first book on Rossetti to appear (in 1882) after his death. Mr. Hall Caine, it will be remembered, was one of Rossetti's intimate friends, and knew him during the closing years of his life. The Rossettis have been far from fortunate in their biographers. Too much has been written about Dante Rossetti, too many details have been given of his errors and his sorrows, until one is almost ashamed to have read the story with such avidity. There was a great outcry about William Bell Scott's *Notes*, but the chief offender was Rossetti's own brother, Mr. W. M. Rossetti, whose painful biography was published just two years ago. It is much to be regretted that Mr. Theodore Watts-Dunton, Rossetti's truest friend and best critic, did not speedily and once for all do the work which so many have attempted with less skilful and refined hands. We criticised, when it appeared, Mr. W. M. Rossetti's collection of the poems his sister left behind her, and showed beyond the possibility of doubt that he had no real knowledge of her work, and that he repeatedly blundered in an unpardonable manner. With considerable prejudice, therefore, we took up Mr. Mackenzie Bell's large book on Christina Rossetti, just published. The volume seemed on the face of it too big for the subject. These unfavourable impressions, however, have been largely removed in a perusal of the book. It is not a great book, but it has been carefully prepared with a true perception of Miss Rossetti's rank, and it is written in a pleasing and unpretentious style.

CHRISTINA ROSSETTI AND HER MOTHER.

From a photograph by the late Lewis Carroll.

❀

Writing to Mr. William Wallace, the editor of the new edition of Chambers's *Life and Works of Robert Burns*, and of the forthcoming unpublished Burns correspondence with Mrs. Dunlop, Mr. J. M. Barrie says :

"I have read your estimate of Burns's character and genius with uncommon pleasure. As for the genius, that he is the great poetic glory of Scotland, none, I suppose, would now seek to deny ; but as for his character, you seem to me to offer the truest conception of it I have ever read. He was a great soul who had to fight a grim fight with himself all through, and

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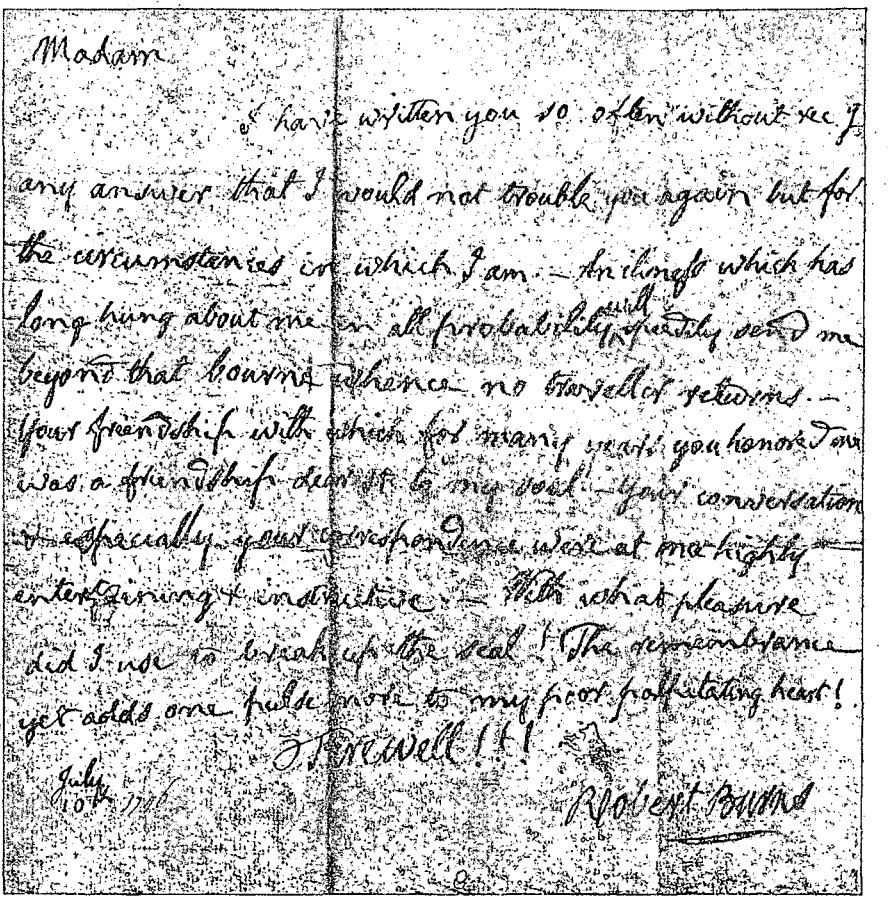
Madam
I have written you so often without see[ing]
any answer that I would not trouble you again but for
the circumstances in which I am.—Anthings which has
long hung about me in all probability will quickly send me
beyond that bourne whence no traveller returns.—
Your friendship with which for many years you honored me
was a friendship dear to my soul.—Your correspondence
especially your correspondence was at once highly
entertaining & instructive.—With what pleasure
did I use to break up the seal! The remembrance
yet adds one pulse more to my fast-ebbing heart!
Farewell!!!
July 10th 1796
Robert Burns

FAC-SIMILE OF ONE OF ROBERT BURNS'S LETTERS TO MRS. DUNLOP.

to half win the battle, as you show so elaborately he did, was a great achievement. I remember Stevenson writing to me about some other writer, 'The author may not be like his books—he *is* his books.' And Burns *is* his poems."

Mr. S. R. Crockett also writes :

"I went through each volume with the old edition of Chambers at my elbow, and I was immensely struck by the amount of admirable work quietly done. I think yours is the best edition I have ever seen for the reader who wishes to trace the true inwardness of the poet's nature. I trust, indeed I am sure, the volumes will meet with a warm welcome, and gain new lovers for those verses in which one hears, more clearly than elsewhere, the true heart of Scotland beat."

This edition, in four volumes, is published in this country by Messrs. Longmans, Green and Company.

Speaking of the Burns's letters to Mrs. Dunlop, in the *Edinburgh Review* for January, 1809, Jeffrey says : "Of his other letters, those addressed to Mrs. Dunlop are, in our opinion, by far the best. He appears from first to last to have stood somewhat in awe of this excellent lady, and to have been no less sensible of her sound judgment and strict sense of propriety than of her steady and generous partiality." And Gilbert Burns, in a letter to Dr. Currie, wrote : "Of all the friendships which Robert acquired in Ayrshire or elsewhere, none seemed more agreeable to him than that of Mrs. Dunlop of Dunlop." A note in *The Works of Robert Burns*, edited by Professor Wilson, and published early in the century, refers to the unpublished letters, and concludes : "It is believed that these letters still exist ; but her family feel that they would not be fulfilling her wishes if they were to allow them to come before the world." The forth-

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coming volume contains very nearly all the letters that passed in the course of their ten years' friendship between Burns and Mrs. Dunlop, including those already published. The additional matter consists of thirty-eight more letters and parts of letters from the poet to Mrs. Dunlop, together with ninety-seven letters from Mrs. Dunlop to Burns. The whole of these, old and new, have been reproduced with the utmost possible correctness. The interweaving of this new material with the old makes the correspondence almost unique in its completeness. Students of Burns will find new light thrown on many episodes of the poet's life, and the new matter is otherwise remarkably rich in biographical details, in illustration not only of the relations between the two friends, but also of the poet's character, walk, and conversation, and in material for study of the text of numerous poems. Mrs. Dunlop's letters, now published for the first time, are almost as essential as his own to a right understanding of the period of his life—the last decade—which they cover. She was a very different woman from Mrs. Maclehose, and her letters must be read as carefully as Clarinda's. Her portraits suggest capacity and strength of will rather than a tendency to Wertherism. But she was in her way as much of a sentimentalist. "I deceive myself most egregiously," she says once with a sigh, and yet almost with a touch of old-fashioned coquetry, "if you would not be melancholy for at least two hours after my demise, whose correspondence has been to me a varied scene of hope and delight, and an intercourse of that mixture between amusement and esteem to which, I believe, I was wholly superannuated." We are indebted to Miss Agnes E. A. Wallace, of Row, Scotland, for permission to reproduce the portrait, taken at the age of seventeen, of her great-grandmother, Mrs. Dunlop, which is Miss Wallace's property.

MRS. DUNLOP AT THE AGE OF SEVENTEEN.

❀

The admirable translations of *Sylvandire* and *The Horoscope*, by Alexander Dumas, recently issued by Messrs. Little, Brown and Company, were prepared by Miss Alma Blakeman Jones, of Sierra Madre, Cal., who also translated two other volumes of the Library edition, published by the same house, *Tales of the Caucasus* and *Black, the Story of a Dog*.

❀

Through the courtesy of a friend we are able to give our readers a portrait of the late Professor Henry Drummond, reproduced from a photograph, which is considered by his sister to be the best likeness of him ever taken. The volume of posthumous addresses entitled *The Ideal Life*, recently published by

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HENRY DRUMMOND.

From a photograph by Warneuke, Glasgow.

Messrs. Dodd, Mead and Company, has met with a very warm reception, and the sales in England and America have reached, nearly, twenty thousand copies since Christmas.

❀

In the latest volume, the last but one of the Edinburgh Stevenson, there is a letter from Stevenson to Mr. J. M. Barrie, in which he tells him that *The Little Minister* is "frightfully unconscientious," and that the story ought to have ended badly. "We all know it *did*, and we are infinitely grateful for the grace and feeling with which you have lied about it."

❀

An unpublished Stevenson is shortly to see the light. Those who have seen it say it is a charming piece of writing, with just that touch of humanity about it which gave the exile of Samoa so strong a hold upon lovers of English literature. Seeing the relations of Stevenson with Mr. Henley, there is a fitness in the publication of this relic in the new three-penny weekly journal, the *Outlook*, in which Mr. Henley is taking a keen interest. The *Outlook*, which began its race on Saturday, February 5th, is, it seems, to strike new ground in several other directions—in politics, science, and the arts, as well as in literature. Mr. Percy Hürd is the editor, and among his contributors, besides Mr. Henley, are Mr. H. G. Wells, Mr. George Steevens, Sir Herbert Maxwell, Mr. Max Beerbohm, Mr. Wilfrid Ward, Mr. Henry Newbolt, Mr. Owen Seaman, Mr. Charles Whibley, and Mr. Arnold Golsworthy.

❀

Mr. and Mrs. Richard Le Gallienne arrived in this city about a month ago, and will shortly take up their abode with some friends in New England on a six months sojourn in this country. Major Pond is arranging a lecture course for the latest singer of the Rubáiyát, and in the meantime John Lane is publishing his new novel, *The Romance of Zion Chapel*.

❀

Ian Maclaren, who is at present the guest of Mr. Andrew Carnegie at the Villa Allerton, Cannes, has written a new religious book, which will be published by Messrs. Dodd, Mead and Company about Easter. It is entitled *The Companions of the Sorrowful Way*, and is of the same devotional character as *The Upper Room*, which is in its fiftieth thousand. Dr. Watson hopes to publish a volume of fiction in the autumn.

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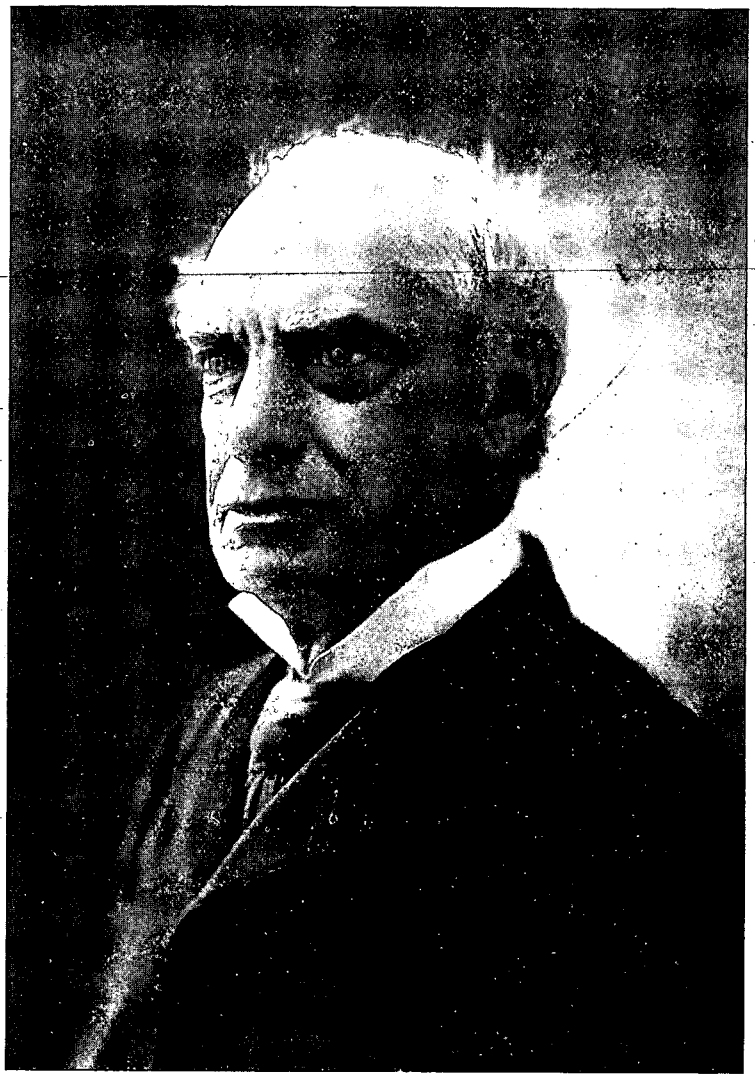

Yours very Sincerely
J. H. Stoddart

The dramatisation of Ian Maclaren's stories by James MacArthur and Tom Hall, which was announced to appear this month in a New York theatre, will not be produced until after Lent, when it will make its first appearance on Easter Monday, April 11th, in McVicker's Theatre, Chicago. The event is auspicious, as nowhere in America did Ian Maclaren receive so cordial a welcome as in Chicago, when he visited that city twice in the autumn of 1896. In spite of the fact that it was on the eve of the Presidential election that he lectured there on his second visit, an enthusiastic audience tested the capacity of the Central Music Hall, in which he appeared. The portrait which we give of Mr. J. H. Stoddart, who is to play Lachlan Campbell in *Beside the Bonnie Brier Bush*, is taken from his latest photograph. This sterling old actor, although in his seventieth year, is more eager to achieve a triumph in the chief rôle of the play than he has ever been with any part in his long record of successes.

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Sincerely Yours.
Maude Adams.

The well-merited fame of Miss Maude Adams as Babbie, "the Egyptian," in *The Little Minister*, has travelled so far beyond the city limits, that our readers will welcome the above characteristic drawing of her in the part by Mr. S. Arlent Edwards. The original is beautifully done in colours, and formed the souvenir that was presented at the hundredth performance of the play in the Garrick Theatre. *The Little Minister* will continue during the season in New York until June, and after a short opening run in this city in the autumn, it will begin a tour through the States, playing first in the larger cities. Following this we print an article on Mr. Barrie, which contains new and interesting information regarding his career as a dramatic author.

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MR. J. M. BARRIE AS A DRAMATIST.

The first time Mr. Barrie's name appeared in a play-bill was as joint author with Mr. H. B. Marriott-Watson of a drama which was performed six or seven years ago at the Criterion Theatre (London) for one day only. It has not been heard of from that day to this, and Mr. Marriott-Watson, turning his back upon the theatre, has since then appeared before the public only in print. There are only slight traces of Mr. J. M. Barrie, the successful dramatist of to-day, either in the style or the subject of *Richard Savage*. This was a highly romantic drama, in which the authors, with the audacity of inexperience, which defies the greatest difficulties, undertook to present historical personages on the stage—Savage and Steele, and Jacob Tonson, and the notorious Countess of Macclesfield. But there was no pretence to historical accuracy, and Mr. W. E. Henley, who wrote a prologue for the occasion, anticipated objections on that account by the ingenuous admission that Richard Savage

> "stands or falls,
> Not as dead Nature, but as living Art."

The authors settled the domestic affairs of Richard Savage in the spirit of romance. A rascally military officer, Colonel Jocelyn, plots to carry off the poet in order to prevent him from meeting his mother, whose feelings toward her abandoned son (using the term in more senses than one) are the reverse of those by which she is commonly supposed to have been actuated. Dick discovers his enemy by a trick, which is certainly contrived by the authors with dramatic effect. With a thrust of his sword he had wounded his masked captor in the shoulder, and the only clue he has to the discovery of his enemy is a Spanish imprecation uttered by Jocelyn. This strange oath Savage hears again at the Kit-Cat Club—from which the women of the play are not at all rigorously excluded—and nothing will satisfy the overbearing Savage but that all the members should pass in procession before him. This is the dramatic moment of the play. When he touches Jocelyn's sore shoulder the Colonel betrays himself by his bad habit of swearing in Spanish, and a duel, which takes place between the acts, is the issue of the scene. The last act passes on the day that Richard Savage is to be married to the daughter of Sir Richard Steele, who has apparently more consideration and affection for the poet than he has for his own child. The bridegroom enters Steele's drawing-room with his arm bandaged, and when he faints they do not send for a doctor—they never do on the stage—but assume that the unhappy man is dead. Thus Savage overhears the truth that his bride has consented to marry him to please her father rather than herself. This is a sacrifice the poet will not accept, and instead of saying so, he removes the bandage from his arm. "What said the surgeon?" he says, by way of explanation to the audience. "'If the bandage be removed he will bleed to death in a few minutes.' 'Tis all I can do for them. Come, death." (*Takes off bandages.*) Death comes at his call, and so ends the play. Neither as a piece of literary work nor as dramatic composition does *Richard Savage* rank above the ordinary novelist's play; but one does not look in vain for touches of the authors' talent. If one may venture to dissociate one from the other, I should say that one catches sight of Mr. Marriott-Watson in the speech in which Richard Savage describes his journey through the beautiful country, with his wounds crying "vengeance" as he dragged his way home through Surrey; and I think one gets a glimpse of that alert faculty of invention which is one of the charms of Mr. Barrie's later work for the stage, in the scene in which Steele frees two lovers from an irksome engagement to marry, from which both are eager to be released, and leaves each disposed to think the other has been called upon to make a sacrifice.

Within a few weeks of the production of this drama in the heavy style, Mr. Barrie started as a dramatist on his own account with a witty burlesque, called *Ibsen's Ghost*, in which the famous Scandinavian dramatist was jocularly satirised. The skit, which was but an amplification of an article contributed by

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Mr. Barrie to a weekly review, derived none of its fun from the personal caricature presented by Mr. J. L. Toole, who was "made up" in the likeness of Dr. Ibsen. Mr. Barrie's satire contained, at least, one compliment to the author he ridiculed, for it implied the audience's intimate acquaintance with the dramas of Dr. Ibsen. In *Becky Sharp*, which came later, Mr. Barrie reproduced, word for word, the language of Thackeray without reviving the spirit of *Vanity Fair*, and in this little piece the author of *Walker, London*, *The Professor's Love Story* and *The Little Minister*—three plays upon which Mr. Barrie has solidly established his reputation as a dramatist—gave no more sign of a great talent for the theatre than one may find in Mr. Pinero's first pieces.

With the production of *Walker, London*, in 1892, Mr. Barrie's career as a dramatist may be said to have begun in earnest. It was as if he had suddenly obtained a complete mastery of the technics of the stage, for here was a play in which the action was so severely circumscribed that the only scene was a house-boat on the Thames. Yet the author moved his characters on and off—the most difficult detail of the construction of a play—in an easy, natural manner. It is, as a rule, a mistake for a dramatist to keep a secret from his audience, who can always enjoy the mystification of the people on the stage, but are only irritated when they are not themselves in the mystery. Now the significance of the title, *Walker, London*, was, till the very end of the play, a puzzle to the audience; yet it was a better title for the piece than *The House-Boat*, as I believe it was to have been called, till it was discovered that a piece of that name already existed. Just as Jasper Phipps, who has been passing himself off as a distinguished African traveller, leaves the house-boat, the artful rascal gives his telegraphic address—"Walker, London." That is the first, and the last, reference to the title; but it explains everything. Jasper Phipps is a barber, newly married, who goes off alone on his honeymoon from motives of economy. By pretending to have rendered a service to one of the ladies of a water party, he assures himself a welcome on a house-boat. He soon becomes the hero of the party by reason of a fancied resemblance to an explorer whose name and exploits he promptly claims for his own. The barber is worshipped on the house-boat; he is pressed to speak of his daring deeds, and his persistent efforts to avoid the subject are attributed, of course, to modesty. Passages from the traveller's own books are recalled, but the impostor shrinks from the praises of his friends, and waves them off with the remark, "Oh, it's nothing!" He is indirectly the cause of the estrangement of the young people, and before the susceptible barber is aware of it, he finds himself making a declaration of love, first to one young lady, then to another. His wife traces her husband to the house-boat, from which all the party, including the counterfeit explorer, are absent when she arrives. Sarah decides to wait for him. So she offers herself a seat on the roof of the house-boat. I really forget exactly how she was kept from the sight of the others; I have a hazy idea that Jasper Phipps held the roof against all comers. But it is as difficult after a time to remember the precise details of a play as it is to recall the sequence of a dream. I only know that she was spirited away from the house-boat by being dropped into a punt by means of a pulley, and that the unabashed Jasper Phipps lost no time in following her.

Readers of Mr. Barrie's published works will have recognised his wonderful sympathetic understanding of the nature of the small boy, and I imagine that it was he who invented the page-boy Caddie, of the comic opera, *Jane Annie; or, The Good Conduct Prize*, which is his next work for the stage, in the order of time if not in the order of merit. There is, I feel, a certain impropriety in making such conjectures when two writers are united in authorship, but I intend no disrespect to Dr. Conan Doyle, who was joint author with Mr. Barrie of *Jane Annie*, in saying that Mr. Barrie's own peculiar humour was as distinct in this one character as it was again, in my opinion, in the quaint marginal notes (supposed to have been written by the boy) in the printed book of the opera. Caddie, the page-boy at the seminary "for the little things that grow into women," was a delight; but apart from Caddie—Caddie lording it over the whole school; Caddie defying a detachment of lancers; Caddie kissing the boots of the young lady he

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adores—my recollections after five years of the "Savoy opera" by these two accomplished authors are few and faint. It is only for the purpose of making complete this record of Mr. Barrie's work as a dramatist that I have recalled it.

In *The Professor's Love Story*, which came just a year later, the agreeable qualities of *Walker, London*, were again conspicuous—the quiet humour, the lively fancy, the honest sentiment, the pure fun, and the literary distinction. It was a pretty play; and it was much more than that, for although it excited no violent emotions, there was a depth of feeling in the story of the Professor's love for Lucy White which touched the soft place in the heart of the audience. Miss Lucy, the amanuensis of the Professor, had become more indispensable to her employer's happiness than he had realised. The Professor is supposed to be ill, and nobody can say what ails him. He is prevailed upon to leave his books for a while; to try fresh air; and he agrees to take a holiday in Scotland—but Lucy, he insists, must accompany him. In Scotland Professor Goodwillie throws off all his cares; he romps with Lucy in the hay-field, and is utterly insensible to the blandishments of the lady who designs to become his wife. Only the doctor—and Miss Lucy—can understand the Professor's case. A second doctor, who thinks that "Cherchez la femme!" is the name of a disease, introduces the disturbing element of farce into the comedy; and even in farce such a joke could hardly be allowed to pass without protest. It was a positive shock to find Mr. Barrie condescending to such feeble humour. This inclination to farce, which takes Mr. Barrie at odd moments—it may be detected even in his latest play, *The Little Minister*—is the one fault I remember in a piece which was full of beautiful things. The Professor, who is made merry and sad by turns by his devotion to Lucy, and is rejuvenated by love, is a delightful, sympathetic character, conceived and elaborated with a nice appreciation, but with no exaggeration, of theatrical effect. Lucy, too, is no ordinary heroine of romance; and if some of the minor characters—especially Dr. "Cherchez la femme"—were but stage figures, the field-labourers Henders and Pete, one dull-witted and the other "ower canny," were two of the most life-like characters ever introduced incidentally into a play. These two cautious Scots, rivals in love, might have stepped out of one of Mr. Barrie's books straight on to the stage.

The characters of Mr. Barrie's latest play, *The Little Minister*, now being performed at the Garrick Theatre in New York, are avowedly taken from his novel of the same name, and the great feat, for once, has been accomplished of making a really good play out of a really good novel. In preparing the novel for the stage, Mr. Barrie was in the position of Wolfe at Quebec. He had "the choice of difficulties." In making a play out of the novel, either dramatic proportion had to be ignored or the details of the story had to be very much changed. The first course was the way to inevitable failure; the second has proved the high road to success. Mr. Barrie has very properly considered the differences between writing for the reader and writing for representation on the stage; he has realised, with a sure sense of dramatic effect, the value of suggestion, of concentration, and of preparation—the difference, in effect, between the novel and the play.

In the drama, the courtship of Babbie by the Rev. Gavin Dishart begins and ends within the space of a week; and the marriage of the Little Minister is brought about by a brilliant *coup de théâtre*. The character of the provoking, impulsive, mischievous, mocking, bewitching Babbie remains the same in all its attributes. For the purpose of the play, however, the heroine is no longer "The Egyptian," but the daughter of an earl masquerading as a gipsy. She is now Lady Babbie Yuill—a surname, it may be mentioned in passing, which was given to a lady of title in Mr. Barrie's very first work for the theatre.

As a play, *The Little Minister* stands on its own merits as a notable contribution to the dramatic literature of our time. It is dramatic, and it is literature. The art which has raised Mr. Barrie to eminence among the novelists of our time is shown in such an exquisite, natural scene, pervaded by a sense of homeliness, as the meeting in Nanny Webster's cottage, where the designing Babbie is discovered by the unsophisticated Mr. Dishart at the hand-

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loom. The dramatist comes out, not only in the conduct of this scene of comedy, but in the cunning with which he takes up his story and fits it naturally into a scene which hardly seemed essential to the progress of the action. The play is full of surprises—surprises at every turn and twist of the action, and surprises in the witty dialogue, which contributes by dramatic significance to the development of character and action. Of the sixteen characters, more or less important, there is not one that is not clearly defined. The four elders of the kirk, who assert their authority not less firmly than the Little Minister asserts his, are differentiated, one from the other, with fine artistic delicacy; and there is a touch of genius in the way in which the character of the domestic Jean is indicated in a mere sentence. Not only the character of Jean, but the life and manners of the community in which she lives, are brought out in a flash, when Jean is invited to gossip about the Minister's affairs on her road to church, and she pursues her way stiffly, merely tossing the remark to Snecky, "I can neither hear nor see. I am wearing my best alpaca." And is there not a complete story in Jean's few words, when she hears that Gavin Dishart has married Lord Rintoul's daughter, and she is to be "a ladyship's servant"? "Are you there?" she calls to a man in the crowd, and when the swain advances, she tells him with all the pride of place, "Then there's my answer now. It's hopeless." Till that moment we knew nothing of the man. But there, in a line, we have the story of the importunate lover and the heartless fair.

It is in such touches that Mr. Barrie excels, but he is no miniaturist in the drama, and the subtlety and finish of his work on the larger scale are not less remarkable. Simplicity, humour, and purity are the invariable characteristics of his writing, of his plays and of his books. But his simplicity lies not in the suppression of essentials, but in the absence of the superfluous, and his humour, which has a quality of its own —something like the smack of a quince —is never cruel, but always humane. There is what Leigh Hunt called "the laughter of the mind" in his mirth. His contributions to the stage are marked by taste and tact—the one implies the other, perhaps—and that he does not look upon life from "a window in Thrums" is evinced by the extent and variety of his work, as it has passed here under review.

To the elevation of the drama, of which so much has been heard in our day, no writer has contributed more than Mr. J. M. Barrie. None has placed his fellow-creatures under greater obligations for sane, pleasant, memorable entertainment.

Edward Morton.

CONCERNING THE ENGLISH "ACADEMY."

At least once in every three years in London some journal or clique is sure to turn up with a plan, more or less disguised, for an English Academy founded on the manner of the French Academy. Some of these attempts have been almost shamelessly financial, and others have been shamelessly made for advertisement, so much so, that even if England wanted an Academy of Art and Letters, she would be prevented by the criminal impudence of the projectors. Moreover, Anglo-Saxon people usually object to the labelling of one artist as being officially guaranteed superior to another. It would surely mean at first a dreadful game of throat-cutting and sand-bagging, from which would not merge enough children of light to form a coroner's jury, let alone an Academy of Art and Letters. It seems to be a general idea that the arena should remain as a cleared place in which no distinctions are recognised, where every man falls to and grabs what wool he may. Even a description of the present situation does not sound attractive.

But still the English powers are toying with the matter. Many men of importance have sent for publication lists

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of forty intellects which to their minds would form the proper Academy. In each of these lists we have the sublime spectacle of the writer leaving his own name out. This display of wholesale generosity might have brought the London public to tears had it not appeared later that there might be an exchange of contracts. "You put me in your list, and I'll put you in mine."

Recently, a well-known critical journal, the London *Academy*, unanimously elected itself to the position of mentor, and offered a prize of one hundred guineas to the book of signal merit published in the year of 1897, and a prize of fifty guineas for the next best book. Failures in projects of this kind dot contemporaneous history, and they have always been accompanied by howls of execration from men who did not win a prize, and from men who thought they knew who should have won a prize. It was quite a daring thing on the part of the *Academy* people. They had to steer their craft through the inch-wide channel between ridicule and equally terrible indictments for unfairness and falsity. To thoughtful people herein lay the interest.

And now one comes to the result. Usually these affairs are absurd, but one must hasten to admit that the decision of *Academy* is at least perfectly sane. They have succeeded in delivering an opinion to which none can strongly object. It is too respectable. The *Academy* emerges in the most graceful fashion from the mists of its precarious venture. Not a single formidable voice will be raised in protest, and in this fact is victory.

The first prize of one hundred guineas was given to Mr. Stephen Phillips for his volume of *Poems*. The prize of fifty guineas was awarded to Mr. W. E. Henley for his *Essay on the Life, Genius and Achievement of Burns*, which is contained in the fourth volume of the Centenary edition of Burns. The *Academy* remarks: "It is not likely that the choice will please every one, but the most patient consideration of the whole matter convinces us that we have done well."

And that is precisely what they have done. Here is a task which few have been able to perform decently, mainly, perhaps, because few decent people have ever attempted it, but the *Academy* has carried it through, and the result is, in the artistic sense, respectable, inexorably respectable.

The novelists did not appear in great force in the discussions which were waged in the columns of the journal previous to the decisions. Many people suggested that the prizes should be given to Mr. Henry James for his *What Maisie Knew*, and to Mr. Joseph Conrad for his *The Nigger of the "Narcissus"*—a rendering which would have made a genial beginning for an English Academy of letters, since Mr. James is an American and Mr. Conrad was born in Poland. However, these two were the only novelists who figured prominently. They were not puny adversaries. Mr. James's book is alive with all the art which is at the command of that great workman, and as for the new man, Conrad, his novel is a marvel of fine descriptive writing. It is unquestionably the best story of the sea written by a man now alive, and as a matter of fact, one would have to make an extensive search among the tombs before he who has done better could be found. As for the ruck of writers who make the sea their literary domain, Conrad seems in effect simply to warn them off the premises, and tell them to remain silent. He comes nearer to an ownership of the mysterious life on the ocean than anybody who has written in this century.

Mr. Conrad was stoutly pressed for the prize, but the editors of the *Academy* judged the book to be "too slight and episodic," although they considered it "a remarkable imaginative feat marked by striking literary power." If one wanted to pause and quibble, one would instantly protest against their use of the word episodic, which as a critical epithet is absolutely and flagrantly worthless.

Mr. Rudyard Kipling's *Captains Courageous* was disqualified on grounds which are not, apparently, within the limits of the *Academy's* declared purpose. The paper says: "Mr. Kipling has himself fixed his standard too high for *Captains Courageous* to be satisfying." If a man is to be measured according to his books of previous years, then the *Academy* has no right to the use of the name "1897." This is not, then, a question of the best book in 1897. This is, rather, a question as to whether some man in 1897 has written a book which is better than all other books in 1897, and also better

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than a book which he himself had written in 1849 or whenever you like. Apply this theory still further, and you find that the decision of the *Academy* amounts to a declaration that Mr. Henley's essay on Burns is the best thing ever from the pen of that gifted man—a declaration that will at least not gain a general assent.

The *Academy* also says: "Mr. William Watson's *Hope of the World* causes us to glance back to what he has done, rather than to look forward to what he may do."

Well, there you are. When a man or a paper elects to don a wig and sit on a bench to hear a case of art in all solemn finality, the world is not prepared to be dazzled by the wisdom of the decision. One can only hope for an artistically respectable result. The result in this case was artistically respectable. The *Academy* would have justified the entire complacence of its readers if it had not been thoughtless enough to give two columns of its reasons. The decisions themselves would have stood criticism with honour, even distinction, but the printed reasons often bewilder one with the agility with which the *Academy* apparently disregards the laws which the *Academy* has made. Perhaps they are too episodic. At any rate, they contain statements that are at variance with the original plan—at least in some eyes—and the affair was not, therefore, the success of esteem that it might have been.

Stephen Crane.

YOU WILL FORGET.

You will forget. The flowering tide of spring
Stands still at flood; the blossoms overflow
For gladness, and beside that tender glow
Of life, you kiss me, yet I dumbly know
You will forget.

The summer comes. Ah, Sweetheart, love is sweet;
The very breath of God lies on the land;
You draw me close to you, but though my hand
In faith seeks yours, I dimly understand
You will forget.

The earth grows chill. The banner of the frost
Flames gold and crimson in the wood. We start
As from a dream, and wondering, stand apart,
Ah, what is this! Hush, hush, my beating heart,
You will forget.

Can I forget? The harvest of my soul
Lies winnowed at your door. The meadow-rue
Which binds it as of old is not more true
Than I, and yet I walk alone, while you—
You will forget.

Myrtle Reed.

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LIVING CONTINENTAL CRITICS.

VII.—Ferdinando Martini.

It has often been said that Italy has not yet had her Sainte-Beuve, and in spite of the "Latin Renaissance," which M. de Vogüé has so widely heralded, the statement still holds true. Every student of contemporary Italian literature must be impressed with the fact that it numbers among its writers no leading critic, none whose name carries with it such weight as that, for instance, of Ferdinand Brunetière in France, or even of Andrew Lang in England, and whose verdict can make or mar the fortune of a book. That this is not due to the lack of critical acumen in the Italian temperament is evidenced by the encouraging tentatives of a score or more of writers, who only need more favourable environments to come to the front. The real explanation must be sought in the same causes that are responsible for keeping Italian letters as a whole at a low ebb: the lack of social and political unity; the absence of uniformity in the literary language, and the want of a literary centre, such as London or Paris, toward which men of letters would naturally gravitate, and in which success would ensure a national reputation. There is another reason, and one which is often of more practical weight—namely, that with the exception of the drama, literature as a profession is distinctly unprofitable in Italy. It is the exception and not the rule, when a book gets beyond its second thousand, while a seventh or eighth edition is high-water mark, even for a writer like D'Annunzio; and such sales as attend Zola's works in France are practically unknown on the other side of the Alps. Where popular novels are so poorly remunerated, still less is to be expected from volumes of critical essays, and few writers can afford the luxury of devoting themselves exclusively to this higher form of letters; indeed, the universal tendency among Italian writers is to work along several different lines successively, and many an author begins by publishing a collection of verses, then drifts into journalism, and after publishing a few novels and editing, perhaps, a volume or so of memoirs, is pretty sure to round out the list with a drama. Indeed, the profits of a successful play are so alluring, that we see writers like Verga and D'Annunzio abandoning, or at least interrupting a brilliant career as novelists for the greater reward that awaits the playwright.

Among those writers who have earned this title to the name of critic, it is hard to pick out a single one who is in any broad sense representative. Much of the best and most careful work has been done by professors of literature in the various educational institutions of Italy—men like Angelo Solerti, of Bologna, Giovanni Mestica, at Palermo, or Camillo Antona-Traversi at Rome, whose respective writings on Tasso, Leopardi, and Ugo Foscolo have brought them well-deserved fame. Their work, however, is largely specialised, and has a distinctly academic flavour. Among those who write in a more popular vein, Molmenti, Masi, and Nencioni are all prominent, while the poets Carducci, Panzacchi, and even Ugo Fleres are all able and discriminating essayists. But while many of these writers possess the critical instinct to an equal and perhaps higher degree, there is none of such general interest, none whose name will hereafter stand for so much in the history of Italian letters as that of Ferdinando Martini, whose recent appointment as Civil Governor of Italy's African possessions has brought him prominently into public notice.

Martini began life with the single advantage of being a Tuscan, to all intents and purposes, indeed, a Florentine, having been born in the adjacent town of Monsummano, famed for the birth of the poet Giusti and for its grottoes, and where he still has a favourite villa. Beginning his career as teacher in an obscure technological institute, Martini owes his subsequent advancement primarily to his pen, and his surprising versatility has led him successively into almost every department of literature, even to editing at one time a children's periodical, the *Giornale dei Bambini*. Later he helped to found another jour-

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nal, the *Fanfulla*, writing, under the pseudonyms of "Fox" and "Fantasio," a series of articles, the best of which were afterward collected into a volume under the title *Fra un Sigaro e l'Altro* ("Between One Cigar and Another"). He is an industrious contributor to the leading periodicals, and the most important of his writings have appeared in the *Nuova Antologia*, which is the *Revue des Deux Mondes* of Italy. Ferdinando Martini was born a statesman still more than a man of letters, or, as a fellow-countryman said of him, "He is a diplomat who has strayed aside into literature," and it was inevitable that he should sooner or later find his way into politics. He has served several times as Minister of Public Works, and once as Deputy to the National Parliament, where he soon made himself felt by his quick grasp of complicated situations and his clever treatment of delicate questions, and he was always listened to with attention. It was during his term as deputy that he was appointed a member of the royal commission sent out to investigate the status of affairs in the African colony of Eritrea, and his *Affrica Italiana*, which was the outcome of this voyage, and is one of his most successful publications, is largely responsible for his recent appointment as Civil Governor.

Although not profound in his critical judgments, Martini has the much rarer quality of unerring good taste, while in point of style he possesses much of the delicate charm of Anatole France, without the latter's erudition. It matters little what he writes about; he has the happy faculty of infusing the same genial interest in all his pages, whether they treat of darkest Africa or of his favourite among Goldoni's comedies—that inimitable *Locandièra*, which Duse has so admirably interpreted. His language possesses at all times a limpidity, a refinement, and a finished ease which constitute his real service to Italian letters. He belongs to that narrow coterie of writers, including such names as De Amicis, Fogazzaro, and D'Annunzio, who, working independently, are striving to invigorate the literary language and raise it from its present amorphous state. It is, however, precisely this term "literary language" to which Martini objects, believing that the resources of the spoken language are quite sufficient for literary purposes. "Pray, what language do we speak?" he is quoted as saying, in a recent interview. "As far as I know, you are now speaking to me in Italian, and I am answering you in Italian. And even outside of calm conversation, even in moments of passion, cultivated people do not end by speaking in dialect;" a remark which holds true for Florentines like Martini himself, but not at all for the large proportion of writers from other parts of Italy, from Venice, Milan, or Naples, for instance, who, however wealthy or cultured they may be, regularly use the local dialect in their own homes, and whenever they try to give a vigorous tone to a passage, instinctively relapse into the ruder, but more expressive phraseology of that dialect. Similarly Italians explain the lack of eloquence in their national parliament on the ground that a majority of the deputies are to all intents and purposes speaking a foreign language. As a result, however, of his theories, Martini's style forms a happy medium between the studied, almost bald simplicity of Verga and his school, on the one hand, and the eloquent artificiality of D'Annunzio, on the other, and at the present day it would be hard to find a safer model for finished Italian prose. Yet his methods are not uniformly successful; his most recent dramatic work, a one-act comedy called *La Vipera*, which supposably embodies his latest ideas, was recently brought out in Turin, where it received much applause from the public, and from the critics what the Italians, like the French, designate as a *succès d'estime*, although the verdict of more than one was that his characters spoke Italian as it undoubtedly ought to be spoken, but not as it ever had been, or was likely to be, in actual life.

In criticism as in politics, Martini is strongly conservative, and in the former, at least, shows a vein of distinct pessimism, which he confesses is to some extent instinctive, although, reason as he will with himself, he cannot throw it off. He expresses his ideas in part as follows:

"I do not know, I do not see the causes of the present decadence; I observe the effects, that is all. We are on the slope of a sharp declivity, and everything is rolling downward. I do not perceive the first causes of the move-

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ment, but only the movement itself. And I am not speaking of Italy alone. Look at France, which so long took the lead. Since the generation of 1830, since Balzac, Hugo, Renan, Dumas, Flaubert, who has come? Zola? Bourget? But what would they and the other genial writers of to-day have been without the powerful support of their predecessors? I am far from meaning, however, that art will die. No; art is at present held in abeyance, but it is a necessary social function, and cannot die.'

His pessimism is, however, darkest in regard to Italian literature, of which he questions the very existence. If we credit him, Italy has as yet had but one dramatist, Goldoni, and only one novel, Manzoni's *The Betrothed*. In regard to literary schools, Martini has scant patience. "So long as a work of art is born," he says, "posterity, which is to keep it on the throne, will trouble itself but little whether it be naturalistic, realistic, psychological, or something else. All these different methods, which have aroused so many useless discussions, have a common defect: they take one's thoughts away from the story itself. Above all, I hate the introduction of the problem into art, I hate Ibsen, and—to put the thing in a nutshell—I am not a Socialist. Still," he adds, "art ought to think, and lead the reader to think. It ought to point the way, even if it does not demonstrate."

Of the present outlook of literature in Italy, Martini thinks that that of the drama is the most hopeless; for the romance, he admits that there are "comforting tentatives, from Gabriele d'Annunzio to Matilde Serao," but reserves "his judgment or . . . his condemnation." In poetry, however, he admits that his race has a "good lyric tradition," and that "on this single side the blackness of his pessimism lightens."

It is, perhaps, worth citing, as a peculiarly characteristic instance of Martini's conservatism, that, contrary to the accepted usage, he persists in spelling Africa with two f's throughout his *Affrica Italiana*, because "all Italian prose writers so wrote it, from Machiavelli to Leopardi, and he more willingly stands with them than with those who dance attendance upon the new orthography."

Ferdinando Martini is to-day fifty-six years of age, having been born in 1841. He is described by a contemporary as still young and elegant, with a pale complexion, which harmonises well with his light brown mustache and hair just tinged with gray. The accompanying portrait is said to be an excellent likeness, although it seems scarcely to do justice to his "habitual subtle smile," of which so much has been said.

FERDINANDO MARTINI.

Frederic Taber Cooper.

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Yours truly
John G. Whittier

AMERICAN BOOKMEN.

XI.—Whittier and Lowell.

The scholar in politics is familiar enough in other lands, but here he has never quite lost a certain strangeness of aspect. The poet in politics is almost an anomaly everywhere, and if any justification were needed for bringing together the names of Whittier and Lowell, it would be found in the fact that they won their first conspicuous laurels in devoting their Muse to the service of

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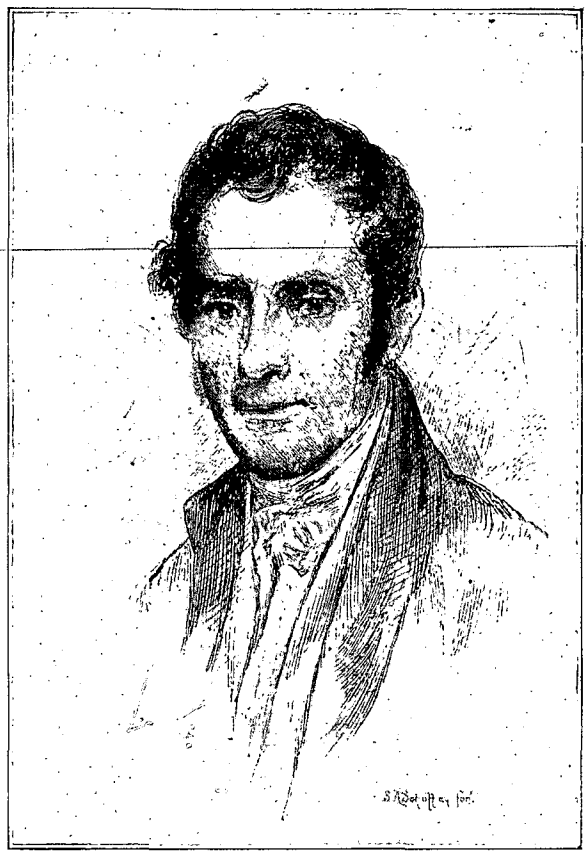
a political cause. This fact alone distinguishes them from their fellows in American letters.

When all the writers of the older generation were young men, the country was richer than it is now in "moral issues." The problems of national life provided every man with food for searching thought. Its themes were not essentially poetical, except in so far as human freedom and the freed spirit of poetry are at one. A freed spirit of opinion was indispensable to him who would espouse the cause to which Whittier and Lowell gave their young vigour, the cause of anti-slavery. All the forces of conservatism, North and South, were arrayed against it, and to array one's self unequivocally on its side required a courage quite unneeded for partisanship in the political issues known to our day.

The question of slavery ceased so long ago to be a question at all, that it is now well-nigh impossible for the younger generation to acquire the point of view in which the opponents of the institution were once regarded very much as anarchists and social outlaws. It has been well said by Professor Wendell: "Perhaps the closest analogy which we can imagine to-day to the Abolitionists of 1833 would be a body of earnest, God-fearing men who should be convinced that God bade them cry out against the institution of marriage." Indeed, it may be doubted whether such a body of men would not be held in greater tolerance to-day, at least so far as their writings and their persons are concerned. As late as 1842 it was thus that Longfellow's slender pamphlet of *Poems on Slavery* was received by *Graham's Magazine*, then one of the leading literary periodicals of the country; the editor printed a guarded notice of it, and justified himself by writing to Longfellow that "the word *slavery* was never allowed to appear in a Philadelphia periodical, and the publisher objected to have even the name of the book appear in his pages." In person, moreover, anti-slavery men were less safe than on paper. In 1835 Whittier, in company with George Thompson, an English Abolitionist, had been mobbed in Concord, N. H. For Thompson's ears three thousand dollars were offered in one place; in New Orleans a purse of twenty thousand dollars was publicly made up as a reward for his person. When he was to lecture in Boston a vessel was waiting to carry him to the South, if the following placard, posted all over the town, should result in his seizure.



WHITTIER AT 29.

"THOMPSON, THE ABOLITIONIST.

"That infamous foreign scoundrel, Thompson, will hold forth this afternoon at 46 Washington Street. The present is a fair opportunity for the friends of the Union to snake Thompson out. It will be a contest between the Abolitionists and the friends of the Union. A purse of *one hundred dollars* has been raised by a number of patriotic citizens to reward the individual who shall first lay violent hands on Thompson, so that he may be brought to the tar-kettle before dark. Friends of the Union, be vigilant!"

It would be easily possible to multiply

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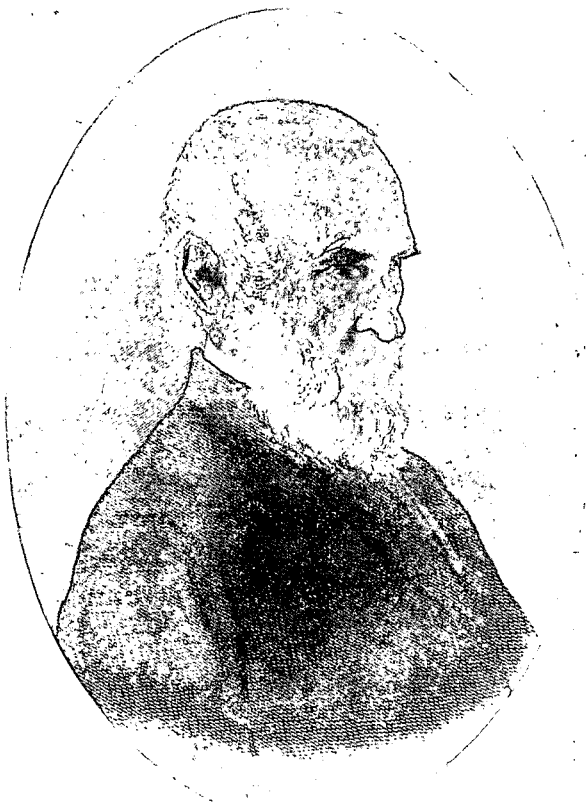

WHITTIER AT 78.

illustrations of the sentiment which the opponents of slavery had to face, and even to show that the influences from which the strongest help might have been expected—the church, the press, and respectable private opinion—were the last to exert themselves in favour of the party that was finally to prevail. But it is needed here merely to indicate the strenuousness of the cause which brought Lowell and Whittier to stand for an important period of their lives upon common ground. Their approach to this ground and their departure from it were by utterly different routes, and the ultimate place they have attained is remote, in a greater and less degree, from that of partisans in any cause. Yet what they brought to the national problem, found in it, and carried away from it, might well form the basis for a comparative study of their lives. The present paper would exceed all bounds if it should attempt such a study. So abundant, indeed, are the accounts of the lives of these two men, that it is hardly fair to the reader to assume that the details need to be repeated with any minuteness. Probably he will prefer to be reminded of certain salient points, and to this end may be willing to regard Whittier and Lowell at several separated periods of their careers.

The life of John Greenleaf Whittier was not lacking in picturesque moments. From those of his boyhood may be chosen one in the nineteenth year from his birth at Haverhill, Mass., on December 17th, 1807. On a summer day of 1826 he was mending a wall by the roadside with his father, when the postman, riding past, threw him a copy of the weekly *Free Press* of Newburyport. The boy opened it and stood spellbound at the sight of some verses of his own in the "Poet's Corner." Without his knowledge they had been sent to the paper by his older sister, who did not share her father's opinion that Greenleaf's habit of verse-making was wholly wasteful of precious time. When he was about fourteen, good fortune had put a copy of Burns into his hands, and the New England boy's response, like the New England poet's constant allegiance to the Scottish singer, marked an essential sympathy in their natures, underlying the conspicuous contrasts in their lives. If one youth on a farm could make verses, why not another, Whittier must have asked himself, and from that time forward many of the moments he could spare from his farmwork and rustic schooling were given to the trial of his own wings. So strenuous were the inheritances and surroundings of the Quaker household into which he was born that the gentler impulses of poetic musing would have found a precarious foothold, except for that blending of gentleness with strenuousness which is the birthright of Friends. In Whittier himself the qualities were

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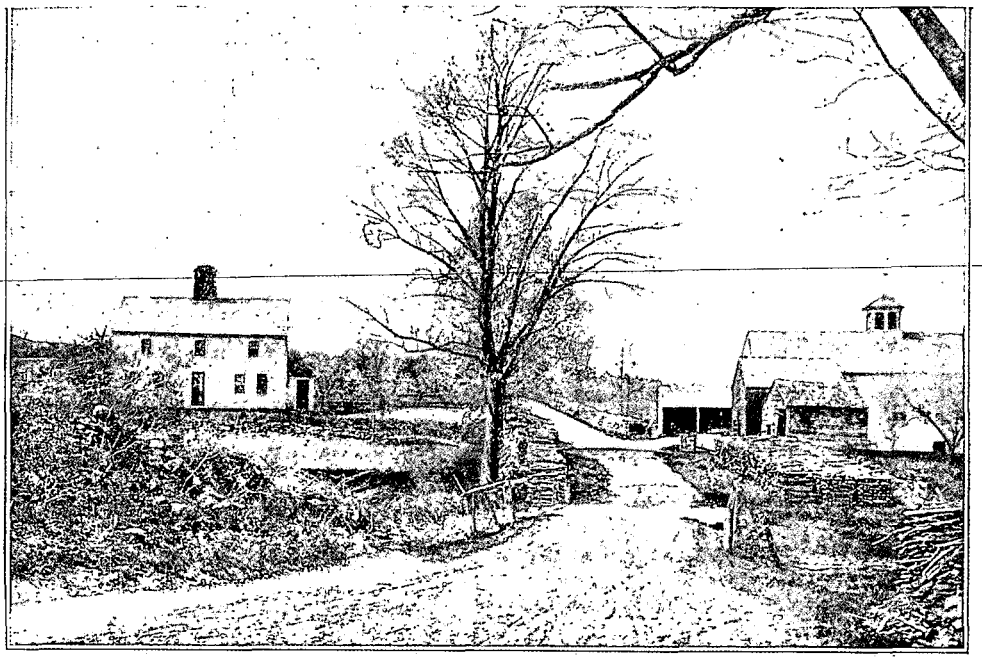

BIRTHPLACE OF WHITTIER, HAVERHILL, MASS.

so notably blended, that there was a special fitness in his bearing the name of Greenleaf, transmitted from a Huguenot ancestor, on whose coat-of-arms both a warrior's helmet and a door bearing an olive branch are said to have figured. To the strenuous cause of anti-slavery, therefore, Whittier brought so excellently tempered an inheritance, that he has been justly called "perhaps

"ELMWOOD," THE HOME OF LOWELL, CAMBRIDGE, MASS.

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LOWELL AT 24.

the least irritating of reformers." The relation between the anti-slavery cause and those early printed verses, at which he stared speechless until his father impatiently bade him keep at his work, is not remote, for the editor of the *Free Press*, who soon sought out his young contributor, and urged the cultivation of his talents, was none other than his life-long friend and fellow-worker, William Lloyd Garrison.

Twelve years after this first recognition of his promise, Whittier was to be seen under strangely different circumstances. In May of 1838 a mob in Philadelphia attacked and burned "Pennsylvania Hall," a building erected, at a cost of more than forty thousand dollars, as the headquarters for work on behalf of civil liberty. Whittier at the time was the editor of an anti-slavery journal, the Pennsylvania *Freeman*, which had its office in the Hall. Knowing well that if he were seen in the crowd in his proper person he would suffer violence without attaining his purpose, he changed his ordinary Quaker aspect by putting on a wig and a long white overcoat, and, joining the mob that was sacking his office, saved as many of his papers as he could. The editors of anti-slavery papers were not all unused to seeing their presses shattered and their type thrown into streets or rivers. Whittier himself, in his own New England, had narrowly escaped tar and feathers. Mud, stones, sticks, and eggs of the age which qualifies them as missiles he had not escaped. But before joining his fortunes with those of anti-slavery he had deliberately counted the cost. In later life he advised a boy, "if thou wouldst win success, join thyself to some unpopular, but noble cause." The giving of advice, however, is a different thing from courting the experience which prompts it, and what the embracing of an "unpopular, but noble cause" meant to Whittier was the strict limitation of high political ambitions. The varied editorial experiences, in Boston, Hartford, and Haverhill, which followed the short term of study after the discovery of his talents by Garrison, gave him good reason to think that he might excel either in politics or in literature. But in 1833 he wrote from Haverhill to Mrs. Sigourney in Hartford, "I have found that my political reputation is more influential than my poetical, so I try to make myself a man of the world—and the public are deceived, but *I* am not." So slender a store of health had the "toughening process" of Whittier's youth left for his manhood, that it could not have seemed possible for him at that time to attain distinction in both directions. The mere fact, however, that at the age of thirty he went to Philadelphia, where he remained till 1840, as the editor of the *Freeman*, indicates the regard in which he was held by his fellows in the agitation against slavery. Quaker that he was, he could never advocate war, yet with his own weapons he fought fero-

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ciously. To the zeal with which he plied one weapon, the great body of "Anti-Slavery Poems" in his collected works bears witness. The weapon of shrewd, high-minded politics was no less effective in his hands. So pre-eminently do we regard him now as the poet, that it is difficult to realise how telling were his labours, not only as a member of the Massachusetts General Court in 1835 and 1836, but as a quiet power, through a long succeeding period, in the political counsels of the parties which, one after another, seemed competent to advance the interests that lay nearest his heart. In the full record of his life, by Mr. S. T. Pickard, it is peculiarly interesting to learn how intimately the political fortunes of men so prominent as Caleb Cushing, Sumner, Frémont, and, indirectly, Lincoln, were affected by the opinions and actions of Whittier. As the disguised Quaker, accomplishing his own ends undetected by the angry crowd, Whittier presented in one evening a type of his life through many years. The phase of it thus recalled is not that which is best remembered, but to forget it is to forget a vital element of his completeness.

LOWELL AT 31.

When Whittier gave up the editorship of the Pennsylvania *Freeman*, in 1840, he fell into the mode of life which remained practically unchanged for more than fifty years. In 1836 he had sold the Haverhill farm, and established himself with his mother and sister in the village of Amesbury. Hither he retired from Philadelphia in a broken condition of health, which rendered the remainder of his life uniformly quiet. There were frequent periods in which he could not read or write for more than half an hour at a time. "I dread to touch a pen," he once wrote to a friend. "Whenever I do, it increases the dull, wearing pain in my head, which I am scarcely ever free from." When he was but forty he could truly say, "I have already lived a long life, if thought and action constitute it. I have crowded into a few years what should have been given to many." It was not, however, for him "to rust unburnish'd," for the very circumstances which put an end to some of his activities quickened others. The poet as we know him best now could hardly have been developed from a long continuance of his early labours.

In the long life still to be lived there was no dearth of stimulus to the meditative, spiritual elements of his nature, and to the expression of all the gentler, intimate spirit of New England, of which his poems are peculiarly the voice. His domestic life was marked by singular simplicity and affection. The death of his mother, in 1858, left him for eight years in a devoted relationship with his sister Elizabeth, like himself unmarried, and not unlike the sisters of Lamb and Renan in the place she held in her brother's heart. When she died, in 1864, Whittier wrote, "The great motive of life seems lost;" but friends and kin-

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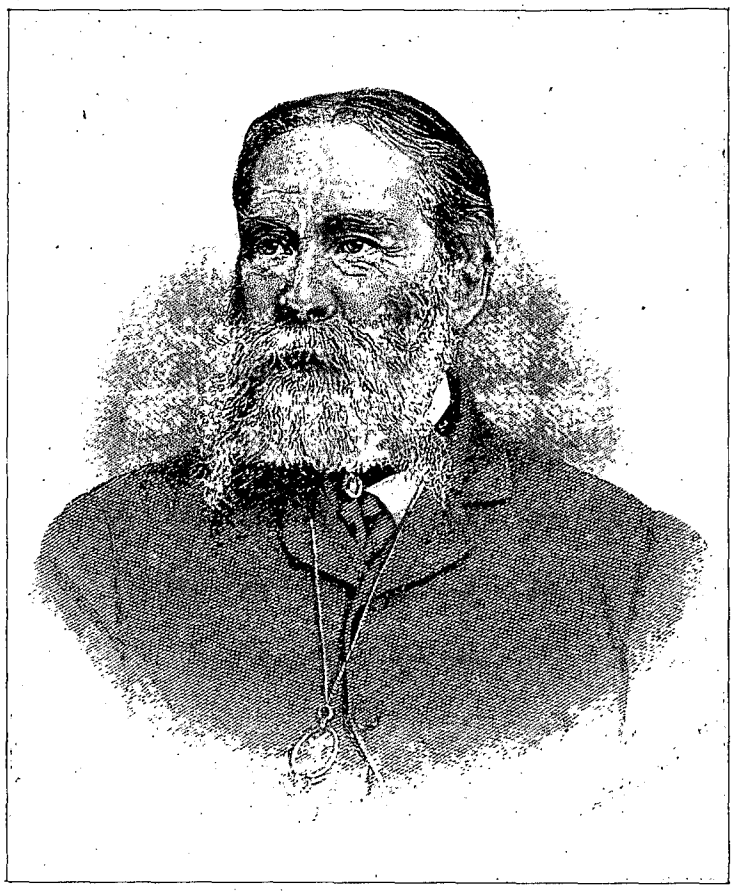

J. R. Lowell.

dred did not suffer him to want for affection and care. Of his capability for friendships with men his *Personal Poems* speak with clearness, and many a one might have written as Bayard Taylor wrote to Fields when "The Tent on the Beach" appeared: "How pleasantly you and I will float down to posterity, each holding on to the strong swimmer, J. G. W.!" There are abundant memorials also of his friendships with women, especially Mrs. Child, Lucy Larcom, Celia Thaxter, and Gail Hamilton, who cleverly wrought him in the war-time a pair of slippers typical of his bearing toward the conflict. The bellicose American eagle which adorned each foot held in its talons a cluster of thunderbolts, but the colour of his plumage was a Quaker drab. A joke was not easily lost on Whittier, for a Yankee gift and sense of humour came to him as directly as his other inheritances. The marks of appreciation and honour that came to him from widely various sources in his later years more than offset the indignities to which the young anti-slavery agitator was subjected. When he died, on September 7th, 1892, at the house of a friend at Hampton Falls, N. H., leaving Dr. Holmes as the sole survivor of the group of New Englanders who had done more than any other body of men for American letters, a voice, clear to the last, truly and broadly representative both of his region and of his country, was hushed.

Even to suggest in a brief space all

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the achievements of a life of eighty-five years is next to impossible. Still more foolhardy were the attempt to point out all the qualities of the work which remains as its monument. The best of it is too familiar to require comment. One could almost wish "Barbara Fritchie" and "Maud Muller"—like tunes that lose their charm from too much repetition—less familiar. But "Snow-Bound"—which many agree upon as Whittier's masterpiece—"In School Days," "Ichabod," "My Psalm," and the dozen or dozens of other poems which other tastes will elect could ill be spared from the pages of our literature; nay, the best of them could not be spared at all. When Whittier fails of his best, his artistic faults are not far to seek. Still farther from the beaten ways of books, however, are his sweetness and purity of spiritual sense, his faithfulness to simple and true standards of living, and his hatred of wrong, however strongly entrenched. In such qualities as these he and his works make their quiet claim to abiding remembrance.

James Russell Lowell indicated clearly the difference between himself and the class of men known primarily as reformers when he wrote to a friend: "Reform cannot take up the whole of me, and I am quite sure that eyes were given us to look about us with sometimes, and not always to be looking forward." Your complete reformer is frequently a man of one idea. Whittier was by no means altogether such an one, and if Lowell had even more of the mellowness which many ideas planted in the right soil may produce, the difference between the men is sufficiently explained by the circumstances of their ancestry and training. Lowell belonged eminently to Dr. Holmes's "Brahmin caste" of New England. His father, the Rev. Charles Lowell, lovingly described by Lowell as "Dr. Primrose in the comparative degree," was for more than fifty years minister of the West Church, now the West End branch of the Public Library, in Boston. He lived at Elmwood, in Cambridge, four miles away from his church, and here his more famous son, the youngest of five children, was born on February 22d, 1819. It is easy to fill in the background of the boy's life in a scholarly family of high standing in the college town. When the time came for him to graduate from Harvard, his course of reading everything except the books prescribed by the faculty brought about his rustication at Concord, and the Class Poem of 1838 was not read by its author. When he was a professor himself he asked one of his class in Dante, who was anxious to know his mark, what he thought he really deserved, and when the youth named a figure which would pass him in his examination, Lowell answered, "You may take it, and I shan't have the bother of reading your book." Under such treatment he would doubtless have been with his class on Commencement Day. Both the earlier and the later incident point to the fact that Lowell's nature had a place for other qualities than the strenuousness of the mere reformer. So various, indeed, were his endowments that at different stages of his career he was to be seen in widely different lights.

In 1848, ten years after graduating from college, he published three pieces of writing which spoke for three distinct elements in the man as he already was, and foreshadowed what he was still more conspicuously to become. It was a diversified expression of a single nature to bring forth in one year *The Vision of Sir Launfal*, *The Fable for Critics*, and *The Biglow Papers*. In the first of them a poet spoke, in the second a wit, who was also a penetrating critic of literature, in the third a wit, too, but at the same time a patriot, a scholar overflowing with recondite lore, and a shrewd interpreter of New England character. The ten years that had passed since Lowell's graduation had contributed to his development in all these directions. First of all, after he had tried manfully to devote himself to the law, it became clear to him and his friends that literature must be the vital concern of his life. In 1840 he had become engaged to Miss Maria White, who was gifted not only with poetic talents, but with a nature of sensitive response to the spirit of reform that had begun to fill the air. The effect of this nature upon Lowell's was to quicken both the poet and the citizen in him. Volumes of poems appeared in the year after his engagement, and again in 1844, the year of his marriage. In the intervening period the Abolitionists, of whom at nineteen he wrote that they "are the only ones with whom I sympathise of

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the present extant parties," had learned to recognise the value of his services as a writer, and the first winter of his married life was passed in Philadelphia, in an editorial connection with the Pennsylvania *Freeman*, which had drawn Whittier also from New England. In Cambridge again, Lowell began in 1846 a service of four years as a regular contributor to the *Anti-Slavery Standard* of New York, in which some of the first *Biglow Papers* originally appeared. Meanwhile, in his private capacity he was leading the life which permitted him to speak of himself in later years as "one of the last of the great readers," and a volume of *Conversations on Some of the Old Poets*, published in 1845, was the fruit of it. Add to all this the ripening experiences of personal joy and sorrow, and the feeling toward friends which always made him care more that they should esteem him highly than think well of what he wrote—and the writer of the three remarkable books of 1848 stands forth with a certain clearness. It is little strange that such a man, not yet thirty years old, should feel within himself a sure, though unaggressive, confidence of achieving still greater things.

The Lowell at whom we look in 1858 goes by the dignified titles of Professor in Harvard College and Editor of the *Atlantic Monthly*, then completing its first year of existence. A letter written by Longfellow, in 1855, says that Lowell "astonished the town last winter with a course of lectures on Poetry. Whereupon the college immediately laid hold of him, and made him my successor." Lowell felt himself to be "not the stuff that professors are made of," believed that he would have been "a more poetical poet" if he had never become a professor, and called his college work "my annual dissatisfaction of lecturing." But it was an annual delight to the undergraduates, whose relations with him frequently became more human than academic. The outer world owed much to the professorship also, for it led him more than ever to the pursuit of congenial studies with a view to sharing with others his pleasure in them. It is doubtful, however, whether all the essays, which stand alike for his scholarship and his mastery of English style, would have come into being if he had not been also an editor, first of the *Atlantic Monthly*, and then, with Mr. Charles Eliot Norton, of the *North American Review*. In the pages of these periodicals many of Lowell's prose writings first appeared, for those were days when the editor of a magazine was expected to be one of its chief contributors. When the *Atlantic* was begun, who but Lowell could be its editor? The time was ripe for banding together the writers of New England in an enterprise which should not be merely "literary," but should bring the strongest literary forces of the country to bear upon the problem which had to be solved in the end by war. Lowell was eminently of the craft of writers, eminently a skilful judge of the writings of others, and eminently competent to use his own pen in the interest of Northern sentiments. With such a company of contributors as he had at his elbow, it was not difficult for the right man to give the magazine the place it took at once, but the contributors were hardly more essential to this than the right man, and that man was Lowell. If the magazine had him to thank for its first success, Lowell was indebted to both the periodicals he served for the incentive to produce a large number of the Essays which have helped to fix his fame.

The decade between 1848 and 1858 wrought its greatest changes in Lowell's domestic surroundings—changes which he was not unwilling to record in such verses as "After the Burial," written in 1850 upon the death of a daughter. In 1847 his first child had died, and in 1852, while he was travelling in Europe, partly in hope that Mrs. Lowell's broken strength and spirit might be restored, the loss of their only son befell them at Rome. From this grief Mrs. Lowell never recovered, and before the end of 1853, about a year after their return, she died at Elmwood. When Lowell was appointed to the Harvard professorship, he made a second visit of a year to Europe, for the purpose of study. A year after his return, in 1856, his second marriage—to Miss Frances Dunlap, who had been entrusted with the education of his one surviving daughter—took place, and the relationship which lasted through nearly thirty years of his life was begun. Dates and figures give but a bloodless record of affections so strong as Lowell's. Because they were also most tender, one does not wish to say more about them.

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To know of Lowell in the war-time, it is needless to look beyond his poems. In "The Washers of the Shroud" he is seen at the beginning of the conflict, looking forward. The second series of the *Biglow Papers*, which he himself thought better than the first, carries us through its course, and into the troublous period that followed. The noble "Commemoration Ode" marks the ending of the war itself. Lowell could not bring himself to begin the ode until two days before it was to be read, when "something," as he said, "gave me a jog, and the whole thing came out of me with a rush." The memory of his nephews who had been killed, "three likely lads ez wal could be," burned within him, and the truth of Mr. Henry James's remark, that "the man and the author in him were singularly convertible," has no firmer support than in this instance of his attaining his highest poetical expression when stirred in his deepest personal feelings.

It remains to look at Lowell in still another important aspect, that of Minister of the United States, under the administration of President Hayes, at the Court of St. James. Even regarding the short term of service at Madrid in the same capacity as a step of transition, the change from Cambridge to London was abrupt. But Lowell, through actual sojournings abroad almost as much as in his "fireside travels," had long been a citizen of the world, and it was no surprise to those who knew him that the less cloistral life of London seemed hardly more foreign to him than Elmwood. "The true reward of an English style," Mr. James has characteristically said, "was to be sent to England." A young English poet, writing in prose, contrasted Emerson's philosophical mission, Hawthorne's mission of silence, and Dr. Holmes's mission of dining with Lowell's coming pre-eminently as "his Excellency the Ambassador of American Literature to the Court of Shakespeare." It is not impossible that Mr. Watson was unconsciously recalling and expanding the title which Thackeray gave to Washington Irving. Be that as it may, the fitness of Lowell for his post was instantly recognised in England, and his personal popularity won even the tribute of distrust from the loudest disciples of "Americanism" at home. How sure he must have been that his English friends, who never could have enough of his after-dinner and "occasional" speaking, would not misunderstand him may be inferred from his saying to the Master and Fellows of Emmanuel College, Cambridge, John Harvard's *alma mater*: "I must allow that, considering how long we have been divided from you, you speak English remarkably well." So far was Lowell from ceasing to be even aggressively an American, that Mr. G. W. Smalley, who reports this last remark, quotes the words of an English lady who said: "Hawthorne insulted us all by saying all English women are fat, but I dare not say in Mr. Lowell's presence that an American woman is thin." The truth is that Lowell constantly expressed his nationality in England as clearly as he had expressed it at home in such lines as "Jonathan to John," but with the difference which the different circumstances demanded. Dr. Holmes had written to him in 1876 to thank him not only for a volume of his essays, but also for showing "our young American scholars that they need not be provincial in their way of thought or scholarship because they happen to be born or bred in an outlying district of the great world of letters." It was but another evidence of the convertibility of man and author in Lowell that his public life set forth conspicuously a similar absence of all provincialism in the best product of our civilisation. When any representative of a government brings both his own and a foreign people to a truer understanding of their relation, he does his country the service of a patriot. To this work Lowell gave his riper powers, as he had given his younger zeal to the cause in which he thought he could best serve his native land.

When President Cleveland came into power, in 1885, it was inevitable that Lowell's place in London should be taken by another. He returned, therefore, to America full of honours, but could not yet return to Elmwood, for his wife had died in London, and the old house, he thought, would be "full of ghosts." His winters, therefore, were divided between Boston and the "Deerfoot Farm" of his son-in-law at Southborough, Mass., and the early and late summers between London and Whitby, on the Yorkshire coast. When

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his grandsons were to enter Harvard his daughter's family came to Elmwood to live, and Lowell came with them. There he died on August 12th, 1891.

The quality in Lowell which Mr. Leslie Stephen has defined as "his ineradicable boyishness" kept him at heart very much the same person from the beginning to the end of his life of seventy-two years. It helped him always to make light of unessential troubles. Soon after he was first married Mrs. Lowell wrote to Mrs. Hawthorne, "I begin to fear we shall not have the satisfaction of being so *very* poor, after all." At times her fears were not realised, but they were the times when Lowell, in letters to his friends, could give the most amusing accounts of his condition. Once when he was in Europe he told his bankers to let him know when his money was spent, for then he meant to go home. He had no accounts of his own to tell him, and an error in the banker's accounts brought his visit prematurely to an end. But in later years the bankers made good his disappointment by a profitable investment of the sum which really had remained to his credit, and Lowell made the incident a text for a humorous denunciation of all accounts and figures. Humorous and enthusiastic, companionable and sympathetic, he was the best of friends, and the life of congenial assemblies. From London he wrote to Mr. Norton, "I have never seen society, on the whole, so good as I used to meet at our Saturday Club." What wit and spirit he brought to its meetings the testimony of others informs us. What memories he was capable of carrying away with him, one may find recorded in his Elegy on Agassiz, in which it is as easy to find the lines relating to Emerson, Hawthorne, and others as if their names were given. Here, indeed, as everywhere in his writings, Lowell himself stands revealed. His authoritative Life remains to be written, but when it is done it will be almost—as so brief a paper as this must be altogether—a superfluous piece of reading for one who has made the direct acquaintance of Lowell through his poems, his essays, and his letters.

The contrast between the lives of Whittier and Lowell prepares one for precisely the contrasts that may be drawn between the work of the one and of the other, both in quality and in scope. The differences are obvious, but beneath them all, like the family likeness of brothers whose features are widely unlike, the resemblance they bear to each other is that of true sons of older New England, and they show themselves at times to be close of kin. Their most striking outward resemblance probably lay in their attitude in early life toward the cause of anti-slavery. To see two men for whom the later years held such different things in store joined at any time in a common warfare helps us truly to realise the vitality of the uniting cause. The attitude of a whole nation to a cause which at last has become merely an episode of history may not unfitly be likened to a fleet of boats lying quietly at sundown in a crowded harbour, and heading all in one direction. In the night a sharp wind comes out of a new quarter, and the boats begin to swing at their moorings, some much more quickly than others. These, of course, foul the more slowly shifting craft, and then there is a great rushing on deck of rudely wakened seamen, who push off the interfering boats with violence and abusive language. In the morning the fleet is found lying peacefully at its anchors, pointing in the new direction, as if nothing had happened. In the change of a national attitude there is the difference, that the lives and the writings of such men as Lowell and Whittier make the turmoil of the night something more than a sleepy remembrance.

M. A. De Wolfe Howe.

The subject of the next paper in this series, to appear in the May BOOKMAN, *will be "Longfellow and Holmes."*

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LOVE AND DOUBT.

Shun radiant Love and bar him out
If he come hand in hand with Doubt.
Doubt is the bastard of a line
Half sprung from hell and half divine ;
With silent tread, a subtle thief,
Who smiles to simulate Belief,
While through his words there seems to steal
The jealous hate that bastards feel,
Whose serpent-thought the secret knows
To mar each gift that Love bestows.

Oh, glad young Love ! with royal air
He bids the lover banish care
In that unfettered mighty mirth,
The elemental joy of earth,
From hope and measureless content
And faith triumphant born and blent—
But Doubt speaks slowly in the ear,
And what was laughter ends—a sneer.

Love arms the soul with kingly power,
His noblest gift, his richest dower ;
A splendid courage frank and free,
The heart's imperial chivalry
That fronts the world and scorns the mean,
Unshaken, confident, serene—
But Doubt just whispers of disgrace,
And lo ! a coward, false and base.

And Love refines the thoughts of sense,
Keeps sweet the soul of innocence,
And thinks no ill, but dares to see
In passion only purity,
When heart meets heart and fear is done,
And both are blended into one.
Yet Doubt but breathes upon a name,
And all is seared and scarred with shame.

Love's are the gifts that pass away ;
Doubt's are the wounds that stain and stay.
Who doubts has vainly asked and heard
A million times the answering word.
Vain is the suppliant distress,
The cry of pleading tenderness,
The longing look, the wild appeal,
The tears that only one can feel.

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For Love sweeps by on lightsome wing
While Doubt remains to search and sting ;
Love comes the first, and first is past,
But Doubt still lingers to the last.

Shun radiant Love and bar him out
If he come hand in hand with Doubt.
The eyes suffused with answering fire,
The lips that echo each desire,
The burning hands that cling and press,
The arms that yield the last caress—
These Doubt can turn to poisoned dust
If Truth be lost, and Faith and Trust.
For, at the end, the sinking heart
Feels Love and Doubt alike depart ;
And, through the crypt of passion's tomb,
Murked in the mists of monstrous gloom,
Sees peering forth with vacant stare
The haggard eyes of wan Despair.

Harry Thurston Peck.

SPANISH JOHN *VS.* MR. WILLIAM McLENNAN.

One of the most noteworthy books of the year just closed is *Spanish John*, by Mr. William McLennan. It is after the manner of Stevenson, and at times has something of the virile force of Crockett. In some respects it surpasses the work of either of these writers. In reading their novels a feeling haunts one that he has before him the work of men endeavouring to throw themselves into the past, and to reproduce customs, manners, a time, a life which they can only build up by study and imagination.

But in *Spanish John*, which on the title-page purports to be "A Memoir, now first published in complete form, of the Early Life and Adventures of Colonel John M'Donell," there is an absolute transcript of the life, the mode of thought, the feeling of men of a hundred years ago. The whole book is done with such a naturalness in narration, such a freedom from archaic affectation in diction, that one is almost forced to think that he is reading the work of a man who lived in a former age and has merely allowed his "astral body" to visit us to reveal his soul and the soul of his time.

No wonder that such an impression is produced ! If any book collector with a full Canadiana turns to his early numbers of *The Canadian Magazine*, he will find that the copies for April and May, 1825, contain "A Narrative of the early life of Colonel John M'Donell, of Scottos, written by himself, after he came to Canada, at the urgent request of one of his particular friends, interspersed with numerous anecdotes and historical details of the times."

It needs no careful examination to prove that Mr. McLennan has, with great fidelity, followed the narrative of Colonel M'Donell. Incident after incident, anecdote after anecdote, which adorns the pages of this Stevensonian novel will be found in this out-of-the-way magazine. Nay, more ! page after page has been taken almost verbatim from the same source.

It may be said, indeed, that Mr. McLennan has merely edited Colonel M'Donell's narrative. No indication of such an intention is shown in any

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part of his book. As a matter of fact, he has not edited the narrative, but has used it as it suited his purpose; altering names, combining characters, adding incidents, where he thought the dramatic action demanded such changes. That it was Mr. McLennan's intention to lead his readers to believe his book an original creation seems evidenced by the dedication: "To my father, this result of long talks, over old days, old manners, and old memories." If this be true there can be but one conclusion, that the McLennans, *père et fils*, have marvellous memories for old articles and for the copious footnotes which accompany such articles. A much truer dedication would have been: "To the shade of Spanish John, whose interesting autobiographical sketch supplied both the matter and workmanship for the bulk of this book."

It would be a serious matter to make an accusation of this sort without advancing proof, so several excerpts will be given from Colonel M'Donell's narrative, with parallel passages from Mr. McLennan's book. Colonel M'Donell writes:

"Our officers and men fell very fast. I among the rest got a ball through my thigh, which prevented my standing; I crossed my firelock under my thigh and shook it, to try if the bone was whole, which finding to be the case, dropt on the one knee and continued firing. I received another shot, which threw me down. I made once more an attempt to help my surviving comrades, but received a third wound, which quite disabled me. Loss of blood, and no way to stop it, soon reduced my strength. I, however, gripped my sword to be ready to run through the first enemy that should insult me.

"All our ammunition being spent, not a single cartridge remained among the living or the dead. Quarters were called for by the few that were yet alive. Many of the wounded were knocked on the head, and I did not escape with impunity. One approached me. At first I made ready to run him through, but observing five more close to him, I dropped the sword and was saluted with *hunts foot*. Accompanied with the cracking of muskets about my head, I was only sensible of three blows and fainted. I suppose they thought me dead. On coming to myself again, I found my clothes were stripped off, weltering in my blood, and no one alive near me to speak to—twisting and rolling in the dust with pain, and my skin scorched by the sun. In this condition a Croat came up to me with a cocked pistol in his hand, asked for my purse in bad Italian. I told him that I had no place to hide it in, and if he found it anywhere about me to take it. 'Is that an answer for me, you son of a b—ch!' at the same time pointing his pistol straight between my eyes."

(In foot-note.) "Previous to this a Croat taking my gold-laced hat and putting it upon his own head, coolly asked me how he looked in it. He then with his sabre cut off my queue and took it along with him."

In Mr. McLennan's book, pages 115–117, we find:

"Our officers and men were falling fast.

"So far I had not a scratch, but now a ball went through my thigh, which prevented my standing. I crossed my firelock under my leg and shook it to see if the bone were whole, which, finding to be the case, I raised myself on one knee and continued firing. I received another shot, which threw me down, but I still made an attempt to support my surviving comrades until a third wound quite disabled me. Loss of blood, and no way to stop it, soon reduced my strength. I, however, gripped my sword, ready to run through the first who should insult me.

"All our ammunition now being spent, and not a single cartridge to be found even among the dead, quarter was called for by the few who remained alive. Many of the wounded were knocked on the head, and I did not escape; for, observing one approaching, I made ready to run him through, but seeing that five more were close to him, I dropped my sword, only to be saluted with 'Hundsfott!' and a rattle of blows on my head, whereupon I fainted.

"On coming to myself, I found that I was lying with my clothes stripped off, weltering in my blood, twisting and turning with pain in the dust under a blistering sun, and no one alive near me to speak to.

"The first who came up to me was a Croat, who, spying my gold-laced hat near by, clapped it on his head, and then had the impudence to ask me how I liked it. Not pleased with my answer, which was short, he turned me over on my face, and, cutting off my queue with his sabre, marched away, saying he would remember me by it.

"Shortly after this I was visited by another with cocked pistol in hand, who demanded my purse in very bad Italian.

"'Where do you think I have hidden it?' I asked angrily, for I hadn't on me what would cover a sixpence. 'If you can find it about me you can take it.'

"'Is that an answer for me, you ———,' and here he called me a name bad enough for a living man, but to the last degree insulting to one in my condition, and with this he pointed his pistol straight between my eyes."

At this thrilling and strong portion of Mr. McLennan's story the absolute correspondence of passages here illustrated is maintained for many pages. A comparison of the following passage from Colonel M'Donell's sketch with a passage from the latter portion of *Spanish John* would be profitable:

"'Colin Dearg got 300 guineas.'

"'What became of the other hundred?'

"'Two men who stood behind the Irish captain with drawn dirks ready to kill him, had he

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observed Colin Dearg cutting open the portmanteau, got 25 guineas each; and I and another man prepared in like manner for the young Captain M'Donell got 25 guineas each.'

"'You tell the truth you are sure?'

"'As I shall answer I do.'

"'Do you know to whom you are speaking?'

"'To a friend, and one of my own name.'

"'No, you d—d rascal,' seizing him suddenly by the breast with my left hand, at the same instant twitching out my dirk with my right, and throwing him upon his back, 'I am that very M'Donell.' I own I was within an ace of running him through the heart, but some reflection struck me—my being alone, and in a place where I was in a manner a stranger, among people which I had every reason to distrust, I left the fellow upon his back, and re-entered the house in some hurry."

From *Spanish John*, page 224:

"'And what was done with the money?'

"'Colin Dearg got three hundred guineas, William Killcoy three hundred, and Lieutenant Murdoch McKenzie three hundred.'

"'And what of the other hundred?'

"'Two men who stood behind the Irish captain with drawn dirks, ready to kill him had he observed Colin Dearg cutting open the portmanteau, got twenty-five guineas each, and I and another man, prepared to do the like to the young Captain M'Donell, got the same,' he answered very cool, as if it were a piece of business he did every day.

"'Now, are you telling the truth?' I asked sternly.

"'As sure as I shall answer for it on the Last Day,' he said warmly.

"'And do you know to whom you are speaking?'

"'To a friend, I suppose, and one of my own name.'

"'No, you damned rascal!' I roared, and caught him by the throat with my left hand, twitching out my dirk in my right, and throwing him on his back, 'I am that very M'Donell you stood ready to murder!' And I was within an ace of running him through the heart, when I suddenly reflected that I was quite alone, in a place where I was in a manner a stranger, and among a people whom I had every reason to distrust. I got up, thrust my dirk into its sheath, and walked off without a word, leaving the fellow lying where I had thrown him."

It would be safe to say that more than one half of *Spanish John* is taken, with the fidelity shown in these extracts, from Colonel M'Donell's strong autobiographical sketch.

Nor is this all. As the book is read, Father O'Rourke, the *fidus Achates* of Spanish John, will grip the heart of the reader as strongly as almost any character in modern fiction. He is largely Mr. McLennan's own, and shows what a genius that writer has for creating and sustaining a character. But even Father O'Rourke is to some extent a thing of shreds and patches. Striking incidents in the lives of other men associated with Spanish John are taken, in many cases verbatim, and attributed to this splendid soldier-priest. For example, toward the end of the story Mr. McLennan makes Father O'Rourke borrow Captain Lynch's name, and the remainder of the thrilling adventures which, in Colonel M'Donell's sketch are attributed to "one Captain Lynch who left the Hungarian service to fight for the Stuart interests," are clustered around Father O'Rourke. No doubt the story is greatly improved by having this concentration of material and by lessening the number of characters. The art is much finer; but is it permitted an author to take autobiographical sketches, mutilate them as he sees fit, use what parts he sees fit, and make no explanation or acknowledgment?

The villain of the book, Captain Creach, has been constructed in much the same manner. Colonel M'Donell distinctly says of Mr. Creach that he passed out of his life at the very beginning of his career, and that he "never more heard of him." But Mr. McLennan has seen fit to keep him in his novel till the end as a Captain Graeme. Like Father O'Rourke, he is not one, but many; and is at once the Mr. Creach, the Mr. Nicholson, the Captain Ferguson, etc., of Colonel M'Donell's narrative.

Spanish John is being praised, too, by the critics for the intimate knowledge the author shows of the topography of his story. He does not treat the scenes in which his characters act with the accurate detail that we have, for example, in *The Forge in the Forest*, by Charles G. D. Roberts; but he mentions scenes and places with the skill of a master of locality, never hesitating for a situation and never making an error. A careful examination of his source—for he has but one—will show that Colonel M'Donell has supplied him with the background for his story as well as with his narrative and characters. No truer and more accurate historical novel has been published of late years, for it is largely an absolute bit out of the actions and scenes of the life of the writer—not Mr. William McLennan, but Colonel M'Donell, who has been resting in an unlettered grave in Canada for some eighty-eight years.

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There is one very original piece of work in the book—the punishment of the villain by Spanish John. But this is a grave injustice to Colonel M'Donell. He could never have perpetrated the deed attributed to him. He could no more have cut off Creach's ears "with two clean sweeps" than he could have stabbed an innocent babe. He was a tried soldier, a cultured gentleman, and no barbarian. He has left us no record of such an action, and everything in his life would tend to show him utterly incapable of it. Had there been any pretence at a memoir Mr. McLennan would never have added this brutalising action to his hero.

In defence Mr. McLennan may say that he merely took the "pure, crude fact," and added "fancy, the one fact more;" that he has treated Spanish John's memoir much as Shakespeare did his Plutarch or Tennyson his Mallory. But Mr. McLennan is neither a Shakespeare nor a Tennyson, and Colonel M'Donell is neither a Plutarch nor a Mallory. They were classics open to the students of literature, a common hunting-ground for poets, romancers, and historians; but Colonel M'Donell's sketch is unknown to the general public. It is to be doubted if half a dozen copies of the magazine in which it appeared are extant, and Mr. McLennan must have known that what is happening would happen; that the critics great and small would laud him for a skill and knowledge which belonged to another man—a distinguished soldier and no mean writer.

T. G. Marquis.

DAWN.

When over the edge of night
  The stars pale one by one,
And out of his streams of light
  Rises the great red sun,

And lifting his splendours up
  Over the hush of the world,
Draineth night's ebon cup,
  Leaving some stars impearled—

Still on its crystal rim,
  Fading in bubbles away,
As out of their cloud-meadows dim
  The dawn-winds blow in this way:

Then bathed in cool, dewy wells,
  Old longings of life renew,
Till here in these morning dells
  The dreamings of earth come true.

And up each sun-jewelled slope
  Over the night-hallowed land,
Wonder and Beauty and Hope
  Walk silently hand in hand.

William Wilfred Campbell.

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THE BOOKMAN'S LETTER-BOX.

There is one class of letters as to which it is very puzzling to decide precisely how we ought to deal with them. These are letters that ask very general questions, such as can be properly answered only by writing what would amount to an elaborate article. Now we cannot write the article, owing to limitations of space, nor yet can we ignore the letters. In some of these the writers themselves discuss the question at issue at considerable length, and they often say things that are very suggestive and well worth reading. It happens that at the present time we have several of these on hand, and we think that we shall print one or two of them experimentally for the benefit of our readers at large, and shall confine our own remarks upon them to a few observations of admitted inadequacy. There are also some other letters before us which we shall publish and answer, although we can't help feeling that they were sent to THE BOOKMAN by mistake, and that they were really intended for Ruth Ashmore, at the office of the *Ladies' Home Journal*.

I.

A Baltimore lady sends us the following note on the complicated subject of plagiarism. We print it in full.

"To the Editors of THE BOOKMAN.

"DEAR SIRS: Apropos of the charge of plagiarism preferred against Sir Edwin Arnold in his new book (*Japonica*), I beg to ask the question:

"How much may a writer legitimately use of the material of another to whose writings on the same subject he may have access?

"Also in Fiction. If an idea for a story is suggested by reading the story of another person, would not the use of that idea, even if differently treated, be plagiarism? Yet any one who reads many books is continually stumbling upon not only plots, but phrases and expressions in almost the identical words of others, and this often in the case of writers of high reputation, who could not be supposed guilty of plagiarism. For instance, no one could possibly accuse Mr. Kipling of a want of originality, yet his 'Council Rock' of the *Jungle Book* finds a counterpart in 'The Rock of Judgment' of Fouqué in *Thiodolf the Icelander*, chapter xii., p. 59. On this Rock of Judgment the brave Icelanders were accustomed to assemble in the spring of the year, 'to speak of what was for the good and welfare of the whole nation.' I also remember my surprise when I first read Balzac's *Passion in the Desert*, and found it the same story as a tale called *Lariboo* which I had been familiar with from childhood in L. Maria Child's *Flowers for Children*, except that in Miss Child's story the panther was in love with a woman, and in Balzac's the panther was in love with a soldier of the French army in Egypt; but as Balzac died in 1850, and Miss Child's book was not printed until 1854, the inference is obvious. Both stories were probably taken from some old tale of life in the desert, as the Memoir of Balzac states that he obtained his idea of the story from conversing with an animal-tamer in a menagerie. Mrs. Burnett in *A Lady of Quality* gives Anne 'eyes like a shot pheasant;' but Rhoda Broughton used the expression 'the woman with eyes like a shot *partridge*,' years ago, in *Good-bye, Sweetheart*. These and other instances too numerous to mention make one feel that there is surely nothing new under the sun.

"I am sure, however, that many of your readers would be interested in hearing your views on the subject of plagiarism given through the Letter-Box."

This whole question of plagiarism is really very difficult. We think that true plagiarism depends rather upon a state of mind than upon a given collocation of facts, and this is all that we shall say about it at the present time. We have, however, in reserve an interesting article on the subject, written by a very discriminating and well-informed contributor, and to this we shall refer our correspondent when it appears.

II.

One who writes to us from Portland, Oregon, wonders why Rudyard Kipling, in a note printed in the "Outward Bound" edition of his works, speaks of Paul Jones as "the notorious American pirate." Our correspondent thinks it incredible that Mr. Kipling, who has himself so thorough an appreciation of bravery, should thus unfairly characterise one of the most gallant of American seamen. It ought to be remembered, however, that a great deal can be explained by considering the British point of view, and that Mr. Kipling is a thorough Briton. Thus Sir Francis Drake, who roamed the seas and plundered and pillaged and burned and killed without any regard to the laws of civilised warfare, was a gallant mariner. Why? Because he plundered and pillaged and burned and killed for the general benefit of England. On the other hand, Paul Jones, who had a regular commission

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from the government of a civilised nation, and who fought and won in good fair fighting, was a pirate. Why, again? Because he was fighting and winning *against* the English. You see the British point of view is a great thing, and it makes a vast difference in one's judgment of men.

III.

A gentleman who writes from Lakeville, Connecticut, asks two questions.

"1. In your opinion, does modern fiction as a general rule exert a religious influence?"

No.

"2. About what per cent. of modern novels can be considered as exerting such an influence?"

We are not very well up in vanishing decimals.

IV.

Here is a commendatory postal-card which requires no answer.

"It was 'awfully sweet' of THE BOOKMAN to give such a mild and serious answer to those other pert writers in regard to the Sonyea business. MANY FRIENDS."

V.

A lady in Portland, Maine, belatedly writes a long letter to complain of our rule about not returning rejected manuscripts. She says she is pretty reasonably sure that we won't publish her letter. She is quite right.

VI.

This is from Decatur, Georgia.

"Can you give me any reasons why the prevalence of fiction in modern literature should be an evil rather than a good?"

We cannot. Is it?

VII.

Some one who signs himself "Hampden" asks four questions:

"1. In Ruskin's book with the title *Sesame and Lilies*, please inform the writer the meaning of 'Sesame'?"

Sesame is a seed cultivated in the East chiefly for the oil which is pressed from it, and used as a substitute for butter, and also in Egypt as a cosmetic. But why not look in the dictionary?

"2. What is the pronunciation of the word?"

It is pronounced so as to rhyme with "Jessamy."

"3. What is the meaning of the expression 'Open Sesame'?"

See the story of the Forty Thieves in the *Arabian Nights*.

"4. Please inform me if Millet and Millais were both artists, and if both are dead; and also which is the one who married the divorced wife of Ruskin?"

Yes, both were artists, one French and the other English, and both are dead. The one who married the former wife of Mr. Ruskin was Sir John Millais.

VIII.

Miss Carolyn Wells wants to know why in the Book Mart the list of the Best Selling Books in the January number was headed "The Best Six Selling Books." We answer that it was by a purely typographical oversight, and that in the February number she will find the necessary correction made. Miss Wells also takes exception to a locution which she lately discovered in the *Critic*, and asks whether we can defend it. No, we can't; but perhaps the *Critic* can.

IX.

Some one in Binghamton, New York, wants to know what is meant by the terms "Pre-Raphaelite," "Symbolist," and "Decadent." For these things we really must refer our correspondent to the ordinary works of reference, such as dictionaries and encyclopædias. There must be a good public library in a place like Binghamton, New York.

X.

A number of persons have written to us taking exception to our casual remark about Mr. Frank Stockton as a humourist. A letter on the subject from Bowery Beach, Maine, gives us a good sharp rap. As we have enjoyed this ourselves, we think that we ought to share the enjoyment with our esteemed readers, who are never quite so happy as when they see some one scientifically maltreating us. So we print the letter here without pausing for any further comment.

"Editors of THE BOOKMAN.

"DEAR SIRS: I notice, in your answer to a correspondent from Rahway, New Jersey, that you exclude Mr. Frank Stockton from your list

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of those doing good humorous work, on the ground that you 'have always been able to read everything of his without bursting into loud guffaws.' Is that the literary test that you apply in determining the value of the work of humourists? Is it equally necessary that you should 'explode in howls of woe' before you can allow that an author is capable of good work in a pathetic line? Don't you think it would be well for the editors of a magazine so noted for its classical and pure English to exercise a little more rigour in their vigorous phraseology?

"Very respectfully,
"ONLY A WOMAN QUESTIONER."

XI.

A linguistic question is asked of us by a gentleman in Manhattan, Kansas. His query is as follows:

"Editors of THE BOOKMAN.
"GENTLEMEN: Noting your readiness to respond to inquiries on questions of English usage, I should like to inquire if the expression 'due to arrive,' frequently heard in colloquial use, as 'the train is due to arrive at ten o'clock,' is defensible in English. If so, is the corresponding expression, 'due to depart,' admissible?"

To this we answer that the verb "due" has for one of its meanings "bound to arrive;" while another of its meanings is the simple one of obligation. Hence, the expression "the train is due to arrive" is pleonastic, it being sufficient to say "the train is due;" but the expression "the train is due to depart" is perfectly correct.

XII.

A correspondent asks us whether it is proper to speak of "cutting *by* a knife," instead of "cutting *with* a knife." We reply that either expression is correct, since each involves an equivalent for the instrumental case. The preposition "by" is here equivalent to "by means of."

XIII.

A lady in Salem, New York, who bears a distinguished name, writes to the publishers of THE BOOKMAN to renew her annual subscription; but in doing so she takes occasion to express her disapproval of the Letter-Box. She thinks "the unfortunates who write to it are frequently treated with discourtesy," and says that if we receive questions that are "senseless or impertinent," it would be better not to answer them at all. Now we are sorry that it strikes her in this way, and that she would like to have the Letter-Box suppressed. We might call her attention to the fact that we do not print our correspondents' names, and to the additional fact that these same correspondents are by no means averse to attacking us with the greatest vigour, so that it is certainly only fair that we should bang away at them in our turn, the whole thing being entirely good-natured all around. Moreover, she possibly may have observed that the number of letters which we receive increases with every month. Now if the readers of THE BOOKMAN really desire the suppression of the Letter-Box, they can very easily secure that end by ceasing to write us any letters. But we hope they will keep on just the same.

It will be remembered that we offered a prize last month for the satisfactory elucidation of some remarks sent us by a gentleman residing on Ellis Avenue, Chicago. We have received some attempts at a solution of the problem, but as the thirty-day limit has not expired at the present time of writing, we shall defer a consideration of the award until our next number.

CROSS-ROADS.

"Leave me my loved illusions," cried
A singer to a soul forlorn;
And at that hour a poet died,
And one sublime was born.

Thomas Walsh.

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LONDON LETTER.

We are able to look back upon 1897 and to form a rough estimate of its literary results. The larger part of it was densely clouded by the Diamond Jubilee. Why the Diamond Jubilee should have had such a destructive influence on trade nobody can tell. The Jubilee of ten years before had no such effect, but this Jubilee hurt everything, and almost destroyed the spring publications. For a month or two all book trade was completely paralysed, and even when the proceedings were over the stagnation continued. Matters improved in the autumn season and onward, but still the year was spoiled as a whole, though in the weeks before Christmas, trade was very brisk. The practice of giving books as Christmas presents prevails more and more, and this helped the booksellers. Of conspicuous successes there were very few. *The Christian* of course has outrun all its rivals, and has penetrated into regions where new books are rarely to be found. Mr. Stevenson's *St. Ives*, finished by Mr. Quiller-Couch, has done better than any of Stevenson's recent volumes. Mr. Crockett had a marked success with his boys' Christmas book, *Sir Toady Lion*, the sale of which ran to thirty thousand. The one new literary reputation of the year is that of Mr. Stephen Phillips. Mr. Phillips has had a hard and painful struggle, and every one rejoices that he should have come to his own. Still the outlook for poets is sterile and disheartening. It is not possible by poetry alone to earn more than a couple of hundred pounds a year, at least it does not seem possible for any of our younger poets. The consequence is they are driven to take up prose—to the deterioration of their quality. There seems nothing for it but the establishment of a home for geniuses.

We have had an addition to our literary journals in the shape of *Literature*, published by the *Times*, and edited by Mr. Traill. Much energy was shown in launching this venture, and it has decided merits; but, on the whole, I see no reason to alter the opinion I expressed on it from the first. It is neither so able as the *Athenæum* nor so interesting as the *Academy*, and it is sold at twice the price of either. The *Academy* has made good progress. Its circulation has more than doubled since it came into the hands of the new editor. Mr. Lewis Hind has now full command of the reins. Many of the reviews are exceedingly able, and the other departments are often attractive. The literary gossip is contributed by Mr. E. V. Lucas, the editor of an excellent anthology of children's poems, and is agreeable, scholarly, and well bred.

Perhaps the chief literary event of the year is the failure of the attempt to enforce twopence in the shilling as the maximum rate of discount. There can be no doubt that booksellers do not get the profit they ought to realise. The figures supplied by leading houses prove this conclusively. Either they have to be satisfied with inadequate returns or to add other branches of trade to bookselling. Yet I never believed it likely that the publishers would be able to coerce the booksellers in any effectual way, so long as the great bookshops in London refuse to give in. It is a principle strongly implanted in the British mind that tradesmen have a right themselves to fix the price at which they shall sell their wares. If coercion had been attempted the sympathies of the public would undoubtedly have been with those who resisted it, both because the method is distasteful and because people think that already they pay enough for their books. It is greatly to be desired that some *modus vivendi* should be found, but unless the booksellers themselves are practically unanimous it will be difficult for publishers to do much.

One pleasant feature of the year has been the popularity of certain American novels. American authors seemed to be sinking out of sight in England, but last year Mr. James Lane Allen, Mr. Harding Davis, and one or two others achieved substantial success here. The books of Mr. Hamlin Garland, I am glad to say, received some recognition, although it might have been more. Perhaps *The Choir Invisible* was the most popular of these volumes, although many good critics were enthusiastic over Miss Wilkins's *Jerome*. There is

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still much to be done in this respect. The more American authors are read in England, the better will Americans be understood, and the matter is one of international importance. I may say that some of our leading authors talk of forming an association to promote a better understanding between Britain and the United States, and I feel confident that American authors will cordially support the endeavour. Speaking of the relations between English and American authors, I venture to suggest that a thoroughly trustworthy, experienced, and able business man in New York might do an excellent business with England as a literary and business agent. If authors and publishers could make arrangements through him for the issue of their books in America, and if he could bring under the notice of publishers here American books not otherwise placed, he would have more than enough to do, and he would be well paid for his trouble. As things stand, English authors not especially well known often content themselves with writing to one American firm, and if they get a refusal they do not carry the matter any further. This is a state of things that ought decidedly to be remedied. Many English publishers also are anxious to get good American books, but do not know exactly how to proceed. Even some of the very strong American firms fail to place their books on the English market anything like so well as they might do. Of this I have before me some very striking examples.

Although most of our younger publishers are doing well, it by no means follows that because a man is a publisher he will make a fortune. We have some very serious instances of collapse at present. They have not been made public so far, but are matters of common knowledge. One of our oldest and best-known houses, which has been in an unsatisfactory state for years, approaches a crisis. Others at least are in the hands of receivers, and it is doubtful whether it will be possible to extricate them satisfactorily. Age and connection are, no doubt, very useful in the trade, but to presume upon them is a fatal error.

Miss Beatrice Harraden is much improved in health, but still unable to complete her novel. She spent some weeks on the Riviera, but the bitter weather prevented any real improvement, and she is now spending the winter quietly at her home in Hampstead.

Mr. Max Pemberton has had a very pleasant trip in Dr. Lunn's steamer, the *Midnight Sun*, having visited Tangier, Algiers, and other places. He is enthusiastic about the beauty and the climate of Algiers. He wound up with a few days in the hotel at Cimiez, where our Queen has stayed for the last two years, but, like the rest of us, found the Riviera a delusion this winter. The weather there, however, is now much better. Ian Maclaren and his wife are at the Villa Allerton, Cannes, as the guests of your countryman, Mr. Andrew Carnegie, who has been taking them about the Mediterranean in his yacht. Dr. Watson says that Mr. Gladstone is fretting under his neuralgic pains, having never known pain before. A lady smartly described him as a "sick eagle." The rumours of his illness were received here with much interest and concern by persons of all parties.

Messrs. Dent have taken over the *Idler*, a magazine which has had a curious history. It was the first illustrated sixpenny periodical published after the great success of the *Strand*, and under the editorship of Mr. Barr and Mr. Jerome speedily acquired a very good circulation. It had always, I believe, a good sale, but the advertisements were not quite satisfactory. For a time Mr. Barr had undivided control. He retired, and Mr. Jerome took the periodical in hand. After a time it was raised from sixpence to a shilling, always a dangerous experiment, and of late it has not been prosperous. Messrs. Dent paid for it £2700, and are likely to give it more of a literary flavour. Their management will be closely watched. They have shown so much taste and originality in the production of books that much is expected from them as magazine publishers. The Messrs. Dent have moved into the Messrs. Macmillan's former premises in Bedford Street, where they pay a rent of over £1000.

The only new periodical of literary importance talked of at present is the *Outlook*, which springs from the ashes of the *New Review*. Mr Henley is not the editor, but he has taken great interest in the project, and is to be a regular contributor, along with many of his old allies of the *Scots Observer*. The peri-

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odical promises to be very attractive in appearance, and doubtless a spirited effort will be made to win for it popularity. The auspices, however, are somewhat discouraging. No other paper of the kind has succeeded of late, and while the slashing style amuses, it does not seem to promote the prosperity of the periodicals that affect it.

The appearance of Messrs. Harmsworth's long-talked-of and long-planned magazine, *London*, is now fixed for May. If any firm can make such a venture succeed Messrs. Harmsworth should do so, but the fact that they have considered the matter so long shows that they feel the difficulties to be formidable, as indeed they are, the sixpenny periodicals having apparently exhausted all the available ideas.

I hear that Messrs. Pearson think of trying a penny monthly magazine after the pattern of the *Strand*.

Sir George Newnes, who told an interviewer lately that no more money was to be made out of papers, has started or is starting two new ones himself, one of them of a religious character, the other a halfpenny comic.

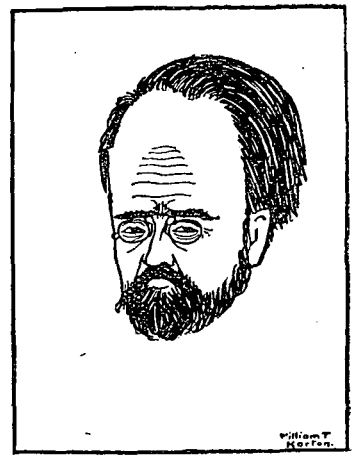
W. Robertson Nicoll.

LONDON, January 31, 1898.

PARIS LETTER.

Although THE BOOKMAN is essentially a literary magazine, its readers would certainly be disappointed if your Paris letter did not open with at least a reference to the *affaire Dreyfus*. At first sight there seems for the moment to be nothing else in Paris, and any excited conversation is pretty sure to be on that subject. With the merits of the case THE BOOKMAN has, of course, nothing to do; from its point of view the one interesting element in the matter is the important part played by literary men. Just now the whole thing seems almost to have become a duel between the most violent pamphleteer and the most powerful novelist whom France now possesses, Henri Rochefort and Émile Zola. What motives actuated these two men in raising the discussion to a pitch of invective which has not been equalled since the French Revolution I shall not attempt to determine here. *Non est hic locus*. I want only to call your attention to a coincidence of this state of things with the publication by a French writer in the *Fortnightly Review* of an article in which France is declared to be suffering from a disease which he calls *Literaturitis*. Whether for good or evil, it is certain that since the Revolution men of letters have always played a most conspicuous part in French public affairs. I confess that I, for one, prefer them to mere politicians.

Another curious coincidence is the publication just at the present moment, when the author of *La Débâcle* is everywhere in France either extolled as a hero or cursed as a malefactor, but nowhere mentioned with indifference, of a novel which deals with the same topic as his celebrated book on the Franco-German war, but in a totally different spirit. It is *Le Désastre*, by Paul and Victor Margueritte. The two authors are the sons of General Margueritte, one of the heroes of the war on the French side, and their book, which will be followed by two other volumes, dealing with other phases of the events of *l'année terrible*—*Les Tronçons du Glaive* and *La Commune*, is, as far as possible, an idealisation of its terrible theme. It is, if I am not mistaken, the first joint production of the two brothers. There is a pretty story current in regard to the literary début of the younger of them, Paul. Victor had already pub-



ÉMILE ZOLA.

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lished a few volumes, and his signature often appeared at the foot of "chroniques" in the daily papers, while his brother was an officer in the army. One afternoon the elder brother, who had to write a chronique for the next day, complained of feeling almost too sick to work. "Never mind," his brother said; "you go to rest. I'll attend to the matter." Victor followed the advice, and when he woke up from a refreshing nap, the young officer handed him a few sheets of paper which he had just covered with writing. It was the needed chronique, and after reading it Victor exclaimed, "Why! it reads to me almost as though I had written it myself." From that day it was decided that the two brothers would go into literary partnership, and their first venture, the inspiration of which is to be found in the memory they have preserved of their glorious father, seems to be far from unsuccessful.

I do not see many striking volumes among the other recent publications. I must mention, however, an interesting volume of recollections published by the widow of Samson, the celebrated comedian who was Rachel's teacher. It contains a number of delightful letters by the great tragédienne. In the series of *Les Grands Écrivains Français*, published by Hachette, the volume on Racine has just appeared. It is by Professor Larroumet, and has a good many clever things, gracefully and wittily told, as is always the case with him. But one can't help thinking with some regret of the treat that seemed to be in store, when in the first announcement of the series it was stated that the volume on Racine would be by Anatole France.

A number of good things, or of things that ought to be good, are promised us for the near future; first of all, the second and, for the present, the last volume of Hugo's correspondence, to be followed by a few more volumes of his posthumous works: first, a volume of prose pieces, written by him while in Jersey and Guernsey, the title of which will be *Choses Vues, II. Tas de Pierres;* then, a volume of verse, *Les Années Funestes*. Marcel Prévost is to give us a new volume of short stories, and Léon Daudet announces that his book on his father will be ready in March or April.

I ought not to omit calling your attention to a doctor's thesis which has just appeared. The author is Professor Syromsky, of the University of Bordeaux, and the subject, *Les Sources de la Poésie Lyrique de Lamartine*. By a curious coincidence Gaston Deschamps is just beginning in the Sorbonne a study of the same kind in a course on Victor Hugo, and Ernest Legouvé, the "doyen" of the French Academy, who will be ninety-one years old on February 15th, publishes in the *Temps* an article in which he examines the question whether the two great poets have already become "des classiques." This reminds me of an amusing ejaculation of the late Professor Patin, to whom a young teacher had announced, years ago, it is true, an intention of writing his thesis on Lamartine. "On Lamartine, sir! Are you thinking of it? A man with whom I took breakfast but the other day!"

Talking of poets, I may say to admirers of Verlaine that the subscription for his monument will soon be closed. About 6000 francs have been collected; the sculptor has been chosen; it is Niederhausern-Rodo, and the monument will be exhibited in the next Salon.

Another monument, of a much greater poet, will soon be erected. It is the Alfred de Musset, of Antonin Mercié. The location has not yet been selected, but it is known that the authorities hesitate only between two spots, both of them very appropriate, one the Place de la Sorbonne, the other, the shaded square in front of the Théâtre Français.

And now as I am to give you some news of the stage, let me use first the trite saying, "last, but not least," for the last few weeks have been truly of the most remarkable from a dramatic point of view. No less than seven new plays of very high merit have been given in the Paris theatres—Georges de Porto-Riche's *Le Passé*, Octave Mirbeau's *Les Mauvais Bergers*, François de Curel's *Le Repas du Lion*, Abel Hermant's *Transatlantiques*, Henri Lavedan's *Catherine*, Edmond Rostand's *Cyrano de Bergerac*, and Gabriele d'Annunzio's *La Ville Morte!* I doubt whether in the whole history of the drama a precedent can be found for such a "record."

You have certainly heard of the great success of *Cyrano*. The first performance was a triumph, both for Coquelin, who acts the title part, and for the author. Everybody is delighted with it.

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It is a reappearance of the romantic drama, combined with the "drame de cape et d'épée." It is drama, and it is literature. It is a five-act verse play, and it is amusing. You will be able to read it; the book has just appeared. It is not a masterpiece yet, but when we remember that the author is but twenty-eight years old, that last year he gave *La Samaritaine*, which was full of promise, we are ourselves full of hope for the future.

Le Passé and *Le Repas du Lion* have not been so successful as *Cyrano*, but both have admirable scenes, alike from a literary and a dramatic point of view. One deals with the "eternal feminine," the other with the social problems of labour and capital. You may read them both in the *Revue de Paris*, which has published them.

Octave Mirbeau's play also deals with the social question, like François de Curel's. It is, perhaps, not quite up to the level of the other plays, but is very interesting none the less. It suffers only by comparison.

Abel Hermant again gives us a series of *Vie Parisienne* sketches combined into a play; a very bright, witty, and amusing one, but all the same the Americans of *Transatlantiques* do not seem quite so true to life as the diplomats and princes of *La Carrière*, which he gave us a year ago.

Henri Lavedan scored a great success with *Catherine* at the Théâtre Français. The play might be called a family drama. It shows great progress over *Le Prince d'Aurec*, which, however, was by no means a bad play.

And we have still to wait for Maurice Donnay's new play, which was written for Sarah Bernhardt, at her own request, and which she refuses to play because she would have to appear as a young girl, and she no longer dares to do it. But she intends to have the play performed at her own theatre all the same, as she is very enthusiastic about it.

And please notice that in the plays I have named there is not a single dramatised novel! This tells volumes in regard to the dramatic activity of France.

La Ville Morte comes to us from Italy, but it is not a translation; Gabriele d'Annunzio wrote it in French, as Goldoni wrote his *Bourru Bienfaisant*, more than a hundred years ago. The play is symbolic in the extreme. The action takes place in Mycenæ, where the fierce passions of the dead seem to take possession of the living, and hurry them to adultery, incest, and death. A terrible tale, but powerfully told, and superbly acted. All literary Paris was present at the *première*, and admiration was expressed by every one for the masterly way in which the Italian author handles our language. But the question whether he is a dramatic author is not yet settled. Still he has gifts for the stage, some of them of the highest order.

To all lovers of the stage I wish to mention a new monthly publication, *Le Théâtre*. The articles are excellent, and the illustrations superb. The first number has a portrait of Coquelin as Cyrano, which is simply a masterpiece.

Alfred Manière.

QUERY.

If what the poet says is so;
If all the world's a vast grand stage,
And every man is on this stage—
Who's the audience at the show?

W. H. Kohl.

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JOHN SPLENDID.

THE TALE OF A POOR GENTLEMAN, AND THE LITTLE WARS OF LORN.*

By Neil Munro, the Author of "The Lost Pibroch."

CHAPTER VII.

CHILDREN OF THE MIST.

The Highlanders of Lochaber, as the old saying goes, "pay their daughters' tocher by the light of the Michaelmas moon." Then it was that they were wont to come over our seven hills and seven waters to help themselves to our cattle when the same were at their fattest and best. It would be a skurry of bare knees down pass and brae, a ring of the robbers round the herd sheltering on the bieldy side of the hill or in the hollows among the ripe grass, a brisk change of shot and blow if alarm rose, and then hie! over the moor by Macfarlane's lantern.

This Michaelmas my father put up a *buaile-mhart*, a square fold of wattle and whinstone, into which the herdsmen drove the lowing beasts at the mouth of every evening, and took turn about in watching them throughout the clear season. It was perhaps hardly needed, for indeed the men of Lochaber and Glenfalloch and the other dishonest regions around us were too busy dipping their hands in the dirty work of Montrose and his Irish major-general to have any time for their usual autumn's recreation. But a *buaile-mhart* when shifted from time to time in a field is a profitable device in agriculture, and custom had made the existence of it almost a necessity to the sound slumber of our glens. There was a pleasant habit, too, of neighbours gathering at night about a fire within one of the spaces of the fold and telling tales and singing songs. Our whole West Country is full of the most wonderful stories one might seek in vain for among the world of books and scholars—of giants and dwarfs, fairies, wizards, and water-horse and sea-maiden. The most unlikely-looking peasant that ever put his foot to a *caschrom*, the most uncouth hunter that ever paunched a deer, would tell of such histories in the most scrupulous language and with cunning regard for figure of speech. I know that nowadays, among people of esteemed cultivation in the low country and elsewhere, such a diversion might be thought a waste of time, such narratives a sign of superstition. Of that I am not so certain. The practice, if it did no more, gave wings to our most sombre hours, and put a point on the imagination. As for the superstition of the tales of *ceilidh* and *buaile-mhart* I have little to say. Perhaps the dullest among us scarce credited the giant and dwarf; but the Little Folks are yet on our topmost hills.

A doctor laughed at me once for an experience of my own at the Piper's Knowe, in which any man, with a couchant ear close to the grass, may hear fairy tunes piped in the under-world.

"A trick of the senses," said he.

"But I can bring you scores who have heard it!" said I.

"So they said of every miracle since time began," said he; "it but proves the widespread folly and credulity of human nature."

I protested I could bring him to the very spot or whistle him the very tunes; but he was busy, and wondered so sedate a man as myself could cherish so strange a delusion.

Our fold on Elrigmore was in the centre of a flat meadowland that lies above Dhu-Loch, where the river winds among rush and willow-tree, a constant whisperer of love and the distant hills and the salt inevitable sea. There we would be lying under moon and star, and beside us the cattle deeply breathing all night long. To the simple tale of old, to the humble song, these circumstances gave a weight and dignity they may have wanted elsewhere. Never a teller of tale, or a singer of song so artless in that hour and mood of nature but he hung us breathless on his every accent; we were lone inhabitants of a little

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space in a magic glen, and the great world outside the flicker of our fire hummed untenanted and empty through the jealous night.

It happened on a night of nights—as the saying goes—that thus we were gathered in the rushy flat of Elrigmore and our hearts easy as to reiver—for was not MacCailein scourging them over the north?—when a hint came to us of a strange end to these Lorn wars, and of the last days of the Lord of Argile. A night with a sky almost pallid, freckled with sparkling stars; a great moon with a *broch* or aureole round it, rolling in the east, and the scent of fern and heather thick upon the air.

We had heard many stories, we had joined in a song or two; we had set proverb and guess and witty saying round and round, and it was the young morning when through the long grass to the fold came a band of strangers. We were their equal in numbers, whatever their mission might be, and we waited calmly where we were, to watch.

The bulk of them stood back from the pin-fold wall, and three of them came forward and put arms upon the topmost divots, so that they could look in and see the watchers gathered round the fire.

"Co tha'n sud's an uchd air a bhuaile?" ("Who is there leaning on the fold?") asked one of our men, with a long bow at stretch in his hands.

He got no answer from any of the three strangers, who looked ghastly eerie in their silence on the wall.

"Mar freagar sibh mise bithidh m'inthaidh aig an fhear as gile broilleach agaibh" ("My arrow's for the whitest breast, if ye make no answer"), said my man, and there was no answer.

The string twanged, the arrow sped, and the stranger with the white breast fell—shot through her kerchief. For she was a woman of the clan they name Macaulay, children of the mist, a luckless dame that, when we rushed out to face her company, they left dying on the field.

They were the robber widows of the clan, a gang then unknown to us, but namely now through the west for their depredations when the absence of their men in battles threw them upon their own resource.

And she was the oldest of her company, a half-witted creature we grieved at slaying, but reptile in her malice. For as she lay passing, with the blood oozing to her breast, she reviled us with curses that overran each other in their hurry from her foul lips.

"Dogs! dogs!—heaven's worst ill on ye, dogs!" she cried, a waeful spectacle, and she spat on us as we carried her beside the fire to try and staunch her wound. She had a fierce knife at her waist and would have used it had she the chance, but we removed it from her reach, and she poured a fresher, fuller stream of malediction.

Her voice at last broke and failed to a thin piping whisper, and it was then—with the sweat on her brow—she gave the hint I speak of, the hint of the war's end and the end of MacCailein Mor.

"Wry-mouths, wry-mouths!" said she; "I see the heather above the myrtle on Lhinne-side, and MacCailein's head on a post."

That was all.

It is a story you will find in no books, and yet a story that has been told sometime or other by every fireside of the shire—not before the prophecy was fulfilled but after, when we were loosed from our bonded word. For there and then we took oath on steel to tell no one of the woman's saying till the fulness of time should justify or disgrace the same.

Though I took oath on this melancholy business like the rest, there was one occasion, but a day or two after, that I almost broke my pledged word, and that to the lady who disturbed my Sunday worship and gave me so much reflection on the hunting-road. Her father, as I have said, came up often on a Saturday and supped his curds-and-cream and grew cheery over a Dutch bottle with my father, and one day, as luck had it, Betty honoured our poor doorstep. She came so far, perhaps, because our men and women were at work on the field I mention, whose second crop of grass they were airing for the winter byres—a custom brought to the glen from foreign parts, and with much to recommend it.

I had such a trepidation at her presence that I had almost fled on some poor excuse to the hill; but the Provost, who perhaps had made sundry calls in the bye-going at houses further down the glen, and was in a mellow humour, jerked a finger over his shoulder toward

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the girl as she stood hesitating in the hall after a few words with my father and me, and said, "I've brought you a good harvester here, Colin, and she'll give you a day's darg for a kiss."

I stammered a stupid comment that the wage would be well earned on so warm a day, and could have choked, the next moment, at my rusticity.

Mistress Betty coloured and bit her lip.

"Look at the hussy!" said her father again, laughing with heaving shoulders. "'Where shall we go to-day on our rounds?' said I. 'Where but to Elrigmore?' said she; 'I have not seen Colin for an age!' Yet I'll warrant you thought the cunning jade shy of a gentleman soldier! Ah, those kirtles, those kirtles! I'll give you a word of wisdom, sir, you never learned in Glasgow Hie Street nor in the army."

I looked helplessly after the girl, who had fled, incontinent, to the women at work in the field.

"Well, sir," I said, "I shall be pleased to hear it. If it has any pertinence to the harvesting of a second crop it would be welcome."

My father sighed. He never entered very heartily into diversion nowadays—small wonder!—so the Provost laughed on with his counsel.

"You know very well it has nothing to do with harvesting nor harrowing," he cried; "I said kirtles, didn't I! And you needn't be so coy about the matter; surely to God you never learned modesty at your trade of sacking towns. Many a wench—"

"About this counsel," I put in; "I have no trick or tale of wenchcraft beyond the most innocent. And beside, sir, I think we were just talking of a lady who is your daughter."

Even in his glass he was the gentleman, for he saw the suggestion at once.

"Of course, of course, Colin," he said hurriedly, coughing in a confusion. "Never mind an old fool's havering." Then said he again, "There's a boy at many an old man's heart. I saw you standing there and my daughter was yonder, and it just came over me like the verse of a song that I was like you when I courted her mother. My sorrow! it looks but yesterday, and yet here's an old done man! Folks have been born and married (some of them) and died since syne, and I've been going through life with my eyes shut to my own antiquity. It came on me like a flash three minutes ago, that this gross oldster, sitting of a Saturday sipping the good *aqua* of Elrigmore, with a pendulous waistcoat and a wrinkled hand-is not the lad whose youth and court, ship you put me in mind of."

"Stretch your hand, Provost, and fill your glass," said my father. He was not merry in his later years, but he had a hospitable heart.

The two of them sat dumb a space, heedless of the bottle or me, and at last, to mar their manifest sad reflections, I brought the Provost back to the topic of his counsel.

"You had a word of advice," I said, very softly. There was a small tinge of pleasure in my guess that what he had to say might have reference to his daughter.

"Man! I forget now," he said, rousing himself. "What were we on?"

"Harvesting," said father.

"No, sir; kirtles," said I.

"Kirtles; so it was," said the Provost. "My wife at Betty's age, when I first sought her company, was my daughter's very model, in face and figure."

"She was a handsome woman, Provost," said my father.

"I can well believe it," said I.

"She is that to-day," cried the Provost, pursing his lips and lifting up his chin in a challenge. "And I learned one thing at the courting of her which is the gist of my word of wisdom to you, Colin. Keep it in mind till you need it. It's this: There's one thing a woman will put up with blandly in every man but the one man she has a notion of, and that's the absence of conceit about himself or her."

In the field by the river, the harvesters sat at a mid-day meal, contentedly eating their bannock and cheese. They were young folks all, at the age when toil and plain living but give a zest to the errant pleasures of life. So they filled their hour of leisure with gallivanting among the mown and gathered grass.

Let no one, remembering the charm of an autumn field in his youth, test its cheerfulness when he has got up in years. For he will find it lying under a sun less genial than then; he will fret at some influence lost; the hedges tall and beautiful will have turned to stunt-

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ed boundaries upon his fancy ; he will ache at the heart at the memory of those old careless crops and reapers when he sits, a poor man or wealthy, among the stubble of grass and youth.

As I lay on the shady side of an alder bank watching our folk at their gambols, I found a serenity that again set me at my ease with the Provost's daughter. I gathered even the calmness to invite her to sit beside me, and she made no demur.

"You are short of reapers, I think, by the look of them," she said ; "I miss some of the men who were here last year."

They were gone with MacCailein, I explained, as paid volunteers.

"Oh ! those wars !" she cried sadly. "I wish they were ended. Here are the fields, good crops, food and happiness for all, why must men be fighting ?"

"Ask your Highland heart," said I. "We are children of strife."

"In my heart," she replied, "there's but love for all. I toss sleepless, at night, thinking of the people we know —the good, kind, gallant, merry lads we know—waging savage battle for something I never had the wit to discover the meaning of."

"The Almighty's order—we have been at it from the birth of time."

"So old a world might have learned," she said, "to break that order when they break so many others. Is his lordship likely to be back soon ?"

"I wish he might be," said I, with a dubious accent, thinking of the heather above the myrtle and MacCailein's head on a post. "Did you hear of the Macaulay beldame shot by Roderick ?"

"Yes," she said ; "an ugly business ! What has that to do with MacCailein's home-coming ?"

"Very little indeed," I answered, recalling our bond ; "but she cursed his lordship and his army with a zeal that was alarming, even to an old soldier of Sweden."

"God ward all evil !" cried Betty in a passion of earnestness. "You'll be glad to see your friend M'Iver back, I make no doubt."

"Oh ! he's an old hand at war, madam ; he'll come safe out of this by his luck and skill, if he left the army behind him."

"I'm glad to hear it," said she, smiling.

"What !" I cried in raillery ; "would you be grateful for so poor a balance left of a noble army ?"

And she reddened and smiled again, and a servant cried us in to the dinner-table.

In spite of the Macaulay prophecy, MacCailein and his men came home in the fulness of time. They came with the first snowstorm of winter, the clan in companies down Glenaora and his lordship roundabout by the Lowlands, where he had a mission to the Estates. The war, for the time, was over, a truce of a kind was patched up, and there was a cheerful prospect—too briefly ours—that the country would settle anon to peace.

CHAPTER VIII.

THE BALE FIRES ON THE BENT.

Hard on the heels of the snow came a frost that put shackles on the very wind. It fell black and sudden on the country, turning the mud floors of the poorer dwellings into iron that rang below the heel, though the peat-fires burned by day and night, and Loch Finne, lying flat as a girdle from shore to shore, visibly crisped and curdled into ice on the surface in the space of an afternoon. A sun almost genial to look at, but with no warmth at the heart of him, rode among the white hills that looked doubly massive with their gullies and corries, for ordinary black or green, lost in the general hue ; and at mid-day bands of little white birds would move over the country from the north, flapping weakly to a warmer clime. They might stay a little, some of them, deceived by the hanging peat-smoke into the notion that somewhere here were warmth and comfort ; but the cold searched them to the core, and such as did not die on the roadside took up their dismal voyaging anew.

The very deer came down from the glens—*cabarfeidh* stags, hinds, and prancing roes. At night we could hear them bellowing and snorting as they went up and down the street in herds from Ben Bhrec or the barren sides of the Black Mount and Dalness in the land of Breadalbane, seeking the shore and the travellers' illusion—the content that's always to come. In those hours, too, the owls seemed to surrender the fir-

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woods and come to the junipers about the back doors, for they kenned in the darkness, even on, woeful warders of the night, telling the constant hours.

'Twas in these bitter nights, shivering under blanket and plaid, I thought ruefully of foreign parts, of the frequented towns I had seen elsewhere, the cleanly paven streets swept of snow, the sea-coal fires, and the lanterns swinging over the crowded causeways, signs of friendly interest and companionship. Here were we, poor peasants, in a waste of frost and hills, cut off from the merry folks sitting by fire and flame at ease! Even our gossiping, our *ceilidh* in each other's houses, was stopped; except in the castle itself no more the song and story, the pipe and trump.

In the morning when one ventured abroad he found the deer-slot dimpling all the snow on the street, and down at the shore, unafeared of man, would be solitary hinds, widows and rovers from their clans, sniffing eagerly over to the Cowal hills. Poor beasts! poor beasts! I've seen them in their madness take to the ice for it when it was little thicker than a groat, thinking to reach the oak-woods of Ardchyline. For a time the bay at the river mouth was full of long-tailed ducks, that at a whistle almost came to your hand, and there too came flocks of wild-swan, flying in wedges, trumpeting as they flew. Fierce otters quarrelled over their eels at the mouth of the Black Burn that flows underneath the town and out below the Tolbooth to the shore, or made the gloaming melancholy with their doleful whistle. A roe-buck in his winter jacket of mouse-brown fur died one night at my relative's door, and a sea-eagle gorged himself so upon the carcass that at morning he could not flap a wing, and fell a ready victim to a knock from my staff.

The passes to the town were head-high with drifted snow, our warders at the heads of Aora and Shira could not themselves make out the road, and the notion of added surety this gave us against Antrim's Irishmen was the only compensation for the ferocity of nature.

In three days the salt loch, in that still and ardent air, froze like a fish-pond, whereupon the oddest spectacle ever my country-side saw was his that cared to rise at morning to see it. Stags and hinds in tremendous herds, black cattle, too, from the hills, trotted boldly over the ice to the other side of the loch, that in the clarity of the air seemed but a mile off. Behind them went skulking foxes, polecats, badgers, cowering hares, and bead-eyed weasels. They seemed to have a premonition that Famine was stalking behind them, and they fled over luckless woods and fields like rats from a sinking ship.

To Master Gordon I said one morning as we watched a company of dun heifers mid-way on the loch, "This is an ill omen or I'm sore mistaken."

He was not a man given to superstitions, but he could not gainsay me. "There's neither hip nor haw left in our woods," he said; "birds I've never known absent here in the most eager winters are gone, and wild-eyed strangers, their like never seen here before, tamely pick crumbs at my very door. Signs! Signs! It beats me sometimes to know how the brute scents the circumstance to come, but—what's the Word—'Not a sparrow shall fall.'"

We fed well on the wild meat driven to our fireside, and to it there never seemed any end, for new flocks took up the tale of the old ones, and a constant procession of fur and feather moved across our white prospect. Even the wolf—from Benderloch, no doubt—came baying at night at the empty gibbets at the town-head, that spoke of the law's suspense.

Only in Castle Inneraora was there anything to be called gaiety. MacCailein fumed at first at the storm that kept his letters from him, and spoiled the laburnums and elms he was coaxing to spring about his garden; but soon he settled down to his books and papers, ever his solace in such homely hours as the policy and travel of his life permitted. And if the burgh was dull and dark, night after night there was merriment over the drawbrig of the castle. It would be on the 10th or the 15th of the month I first sampled it. I went up with a party from the town and neighbourhood, with their wives and daughters, finding an atmosphere wondrous different from that of the cooped and anxious tenements down below. Big logs roared behind the fire-dogs, long candles and plenty lit the hall, and pipe and harp went merrily. Her ladyship had much of the French manner,—a dainty dame with long thin face and bottle shoulders, attired always in Saxon

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fashion, and indulgent in what I then thought a wholesome levity, that made up for the Gruamach husband. And she thought him, honestly, the handsomest and noblest in the world, though she rallied him for his over-much sobriety of deportment. To me she was very gracious, for she had liked my mother, and I think she planned to put me in the way of the Provost's daughter as often as she could.

When his lordship was in his study, our daffing was in Gaelic, for her ladyship, though a Morton, and only learning the language, loved to have it spoken about her. Her pleasure was to play the harp—a clarsach of great beauty, with Iona carving on it—to the singing of her daughter Jean, who knew all the songs of the mountains and sang them like the bird. The town girls, too, sang, Betty a little shyly, but as daintily as her neighbours, and we danced a reel or two to the playing of Paruig Dall, the blind piper. Venison and wine were on the board, and whiter bread than the town baxters afforded. It all comes back on me now—that lofty hall, the skins of seal and otter and of stag upon the floor, the flaring candles and the glint of glass and silver, the banners swinging upon the walls over devices of pike, gun, and claymore,—the same to be used so soon!

The castle, unlike its successor, sat adjacent to the river-side, its front to the hill of Dunchuach on the north, and its back a stone-cast from the mercat cross and the throng streets of the town. Between it and the river was the small garden consecrate to her ladyship's flowers, a patch of level soil, cut in dice by paths whose tiny pebbles and broken shells crunched beneath the foot at any other season than now when the snow covered all.

John Splendid, who was of our party, in a lull of the entertainment was looking out at the prospect from a window at the gable end of the hall, for the moon sailed high above Strone, and the outside world was beautiful in a cold and eerie fashion. Of a sudden he faced round and beckoned to me with a hardly noticeable toss of the head.

I went over and stood beside him. He was bending a little to get the top of Dunchuach in the field of his vision, and there was a puzzled look on his face.

"Do you see any light up yonder?" he asked, and I followed his query with a keen scrutiny of the summit, where the fort should be lying in darkness and peace.

There was a twinkle of light that would have shown fuller if the moonlight was less.

"I see a spark," I said, wondering a little at his interest in so small an affair.

"That's a pity," said he, in a rueful key. "I was hoping it might be a private vision of my own, and yet I might have known my dream last night of a white rat meant something. If that's flame there's more to follow. There should be no lowe on this side of the fort after night-fall, unless the warders on the other side have news from the hills behind Dunchuach. In this matter of fire at night, Dunchuach echoes Ben Bhuidhe or Ben Bhrec, and these two in their turn carry on the light of our friends further ben in Breadalbane and Cruachan. It's not a state secret to tell you we were half feared some of our Antrim gentry might give us a call; but the Worst Curse on the pigs who come guesting in such weather!"

He was glowering almost feverishly at the hilltop, and I turned round to see that the busy room had no share in our apprehension. The only eyes I found looking in our direction were those of Betty, who finding herself observed, came over, blushing a little, and looked out into the night.

"You were hiding the moonlight from me," she said with a smile, a remark which struck me as curious, for she could not see out at the window from where she sat.

"I never saw one who needed it less," said Splendid, and still he looked intently at the mount. "You carry your own with you."

Having no need to bend she saw the top of Dunchuach whenever she got close to the window, and by this time the light on it looked like a planet, wan in the moonlight, but unusually large and angry.

"I never saw star so bright," said the girl, in a natural enough error.

"It's a challenge to your eyes, madam," retorted Splendid again, in a raillery wonderful considering his anxiety, and he whispered in my ear—"or to us to war."

As he spoke, the report of a big gun

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boomed through the frosty air from Dunchuach to the plain, and the beacon flashed up, tall, flaunting, and unmistakable.

John Splendid turned into the hall and raised his voice a little, to say with no evidence of disturbance,—

"There's something amiss up the glens, your ladyship."

The harp her ladyship strummed idly on at the moment had stopped on a ludicrous and unfinished note, the hum of conversation ended abruptly. Up to the window the company crowded, and they could see the bale-fire blazing hotly against the cool light of the moon and the widely sprinkled stars. Behind them in a little came Argile, one arm only thrust hurriedly in a velvet jacket, his hair in a disorder, the pallor of study on his cheek. He very gently pressed to the front, and looked out with a lowering brow at the signal.

"Aye, aye!" he said in the English, after a pause that kept the room more intent on his face than on the bale-fire. "My old luck bides with me: I thought the weather guaranteed me a season's rest, but here's the claymore again! Alasdair, Craignish, Sir Donald, I wish you gentlemen would set the summons about with as little delay as need be. We have no time for any display of militant science, but as these beacons carry their tale fast we may easily be at the head of Glen Aora before the enemy is down Glenurchy."

Sir Donald, who was the more elderly of the officers his lordship addressed, promised a muster of five hundred men in three hours' time. "I can have a *crois-tara*," he said, "at the very head of Glen Shira in an hour."

"You may save yourself the trouble," said John Splendid, "Glen Shira's awake by this time, for the watchers have been in the hut on Ben Bhuidhe since ever we came back from Lorn, and they are in league with other watchers at the Gearron town, who will have the alarm miles up the Glen by now if I make no mistake about the breed."

By this time a servant came in to say Sithean Sluaidhe hill on Cowal was ablaze, and likewise the hill of Ardno above the Ardkinglas lands.

"The alarm will be over Argile in two hours," said his lordship. "We're grand at the beginnings of things," and as he spoke he was pouring, with a steady hand, a glass of wine for a woman in the tremors. "I wish to God we were better at the endings," he added bitterly. "If these Athole and Antrim caterans have the secret of our passes, we may be rats in a trap before the morn's morning."

The hall emptied quickly, a commotion of folks departing rose in the courtyard, and candle and torch moved about. Horses put over the bridge at a gallop, striking sparks from the cobble-stones, swords jingled on stirrups. In the town, a piper's tune hurriedly lifted, and numerous lights danced to the windows of the burghers. John Splendid, the Marquis, and I were the only ones finally left in the hall, and the Marquis turned to me with a smile—

"You see your pledge calls for redemption sooner than you expected, Elrigmore. The enemy's not far from Ben Bhuidhe now, and your sword is mine by the contract."

"Your lordship can count on me to the last ditch," I cried; and indeed I might well be ready, for was not the menace of war as muckle against my own hearth as against his?

"Our plan," he went on, "as agreed upon at a council after my return from the north, was to hold all above Inneraora in simple defence while lowland troops took the invader behind. Montrose or the MacDonalds can't get through our passes."

"I'm not cock-sure of that, MacCailein," said Splendid. "We're here in the bottom of an ashet; there's more than one deserter from your tartan on the outside of it, and once they get on the rim they have, by all rules strategic, the upper hand of us in some degree. I never had much faith (if I dare make so free) in the surety of our retreat here. It's an old notion of our grandads that we could bar the passes."

"So we can, sir, so we can!" said the Marquis, nervously picking at his buttons with his long white fingers, the nails vexatiously polished and shaped.

"Against horse and artillery, I allow, surely not against Gaelic foot. This is not a wee foray of broken men, but an attack by an army of numbers. The science of war—what little I learned of it in the Low Countries with gentlemen esteemed my betters—convinces me that if a big enough horde fall on from the rim of our ashet, as I call it, they

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might sweep us into the loch like rattons."

I doubt MacCailein Mor heard little of this uncheery criticism, for he was looking in a seeming blank abstraction out of the end window at the town lights increasing in number as the minutes passed. His own piper in the close behind the buttery had tuned up and into the gathering—

"Bha mi air banais 'am bail' Inneraora,
Banais bū mhiosa bha riamh air añt-saoghal !"

I felt the tune stir me to the core, and M'Iver, I could see by the twitch of his face, kindled to the old call.

"Curse them !" cried MacCailein. "Curse them !" he cried in the Gaelic, and he shook a white fist foolishly at the north ; "I'm wanting but peace and my books. I keep my ambition in leash, and still and on they must be snapping like curs at Argile. God's name ! and I'll crush them like ants on the ant-heap."

From the door at the end of the room, as he stormed, a little bairn toddled in, wearing a night-shirt, a curly gold-haired boy with his cheeks like the apple for hue, the sleep he had risen from still heavy on his eyes. Seemingly the commotion had brought him from his bed, and up he now ran, and his little arms went round his father's knees. On my word I've seldom seen a man more vastly moved than was Archibald, Marquis of Argile. He swallowed his spittle as if it were wool, and took the child to his arms awkwardly, like one who has none of the handling of his own till they are grown up, and I could see the tear at the cheek he laid against the youth's ruddy hair.

"Wild men coming, dada ?" said the child, not much out about after all.

"They shan't touch my little Illeasbŭig," whispered his lordship, kissing him on the mouth. Then he lifted his head and looked hard at John Splendid. "I think," he said, "if I went posthaste to Edinburgh, I could be of some service in advising the nature and route of the harassing on the rear of Montrose. Or do you think—do you think—"

He ended in a hesitancy, flushing a little at the brow, his lips weakening at the corner.

John Splendid, at my side, gave me with his knee the least nudge on the leg next him.

"Did your lordship think of going to Edinburgh at once ?" he asked, with an odd tone in his voice, and keeping his eyes very fixedly on a window.

"If it was judicious, the sooner the better," said the Marquis, nuzzling his face in the soft warmth of the child's neck.

Splendid looked helpless for a bit, and then took up the policy that I learned later to expect from him in every similar case. He seemed to read (in truth it was easy enough !) what was in his master's mind, and he said, almost with gaiety—

"The best thing you could do, my lord. Beyond your personal encouragement (and a Chief's aye a consoling influence on the field, I'll never deny), there's little you could do here that cannot, with your pardon, be fairly well done by Sir Donald and myself, and Elrigmore here, who have made what you might call a trade of tulzie and brulzie."

MacCailein Mor looked uneasy for all this open assurance. He set the child down with an awkward kiss, to be taken away by a servant lass who had come after him.

"Would it not look a little odd ?" he said, eyeing us keenly.

"Your lordship might be sending a trusty message to Edinburgh," I said, and John Splendid with a "Pshaw !" walked to the window, saying what he had to say with his back to the candlelight.

"There's not a man out there but would botch the whole business if you sent him," he said ; "it must be his lordship or nobody. And what's to hinder her ladyship and the children going too ? Snugger they'd be by far in Stirling Lodge than here, I'll warrant. If I were not an old runt of a bachelor, it would be my first thought to give my women and bairns safety."

MacCailein flew at the notion. "Just so, just so," he cried, and of a sudden he skipped out of the room.

John Splendid turned, pushed the door to after the nobleman, and in a soft voice broke into the most terrible torrent of bad language ever I heard (and I've known cavaliers of fortune free that way). He called his Marquis everything but a man.

"Then why in the name of God do you egg him on to a course that a fool

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could read the poltroonery of? I never gave MacCailein Mor credit for being a coward before," said I.

"Coward!" cried Splendid. "It's no cowardice but selfishness—the disease, more or less, of us all. Do you think yon gentleman a coward? Then you do not know the man. I saw him once, empty-handed, in the forest, face the white stag and beat it off a hunter it was goring to death, and they say he never blenched when the bonnet was shot off his head at Drimtyne, but jested with a 'Close on't; a nail-breadth more, and Colin was heir to an earlhood!'"

"I'm sorry to think the worse of an Argile and a Campbell, but surely his place is here now."

"It is, I admit; and I egged him to follow his inclination because I'm a fool in one thing, as you'll discover anon, because it's easier and pleasanter to convince a man to do what he wants to do than to convince him the way he would avoid is the only right one."

"It's not an altogether nice quirk of the character," I said drily. It gave me something of a stroke to find so weak a bit in a man of so many notable parts.

He spunked up like tinder.

"Do you call me a liar?" he said, with a face as white as a clout, his nostrils stretching in his rage.

"Liar!" said I, "not I! It would be an ill time to do it with our common enemy at the door. A lie (as I take it in my own Highland fashion) is the untruth told for cowardice or to get a mean advantage of another; your way with MacCailein was but a foolish way (also Highland, I've noticed) of saving yourself the trouble of spurring up your manhood to put him in the right."

"You do me less than half justice," said Splendid, the blood coming back to his face, and him smiling again; "I allow I'm no preacher. If a man must to hell, he must, his own gait. The only way I can get into argument with him about the business is to fly in a fury. If I let my temper up I would call MacCailein coward to his teeth, though I know it's not his character. But I've been in a temper with my cousin before now, and I ken the stuff he's made of; he gets as cold as steel the hotter I get, and with the poorest of causes he could then put me in a black confusion—"

"But you—"

"Stop, stop! let me finish my tale. Do you know I put a fair face on the black business to save the man his own self-respect. He'll know himself, his going looks bad without my telling him, and I would at least leave him the notion that we were blind to his weakness. After all it's not much of a weakness—the wish to save a wife and children from danger. Another bookish disease, I admit; their over-much study has deadened the man to the sense of the becoming, and in an affair demanding courage he acts like a woman, thinking of his household when he should be thinking of his clan. My only consolation is that after all (except for the look of the thing) his leaving us little matters."

I thought different on that point, and I proved right. If it takes short time to send a fiery cross about, it takes shorter yet to send a naughty rumour, and the story that MacCailein Mor and his folks were off in a hurry to the Lowlands was round the greater part of Argile before the clansmen mustered at Inneraora. They never mustered at all, indeed; for the chieftains of the small companies that came from Glen Finne and down the country, no sooner heard that the Marquis was off than they took the road back, and so Montrose and Colkitto MacDonald found a poltroon and deserted countryside waiting them.

CHAPTER IX.

Eight hours after the beacon kindled on Dunchuach, the enemy was feeling at the heart of Argile.

It came out years after, that one Angus Macalain, a Glencoe man, a branded robber off a respectable Water-of-Duglas family, had guided the main body of the invaders through the mountains of the Urchy and into our territory. They came on in three bands, Alasdair MacDonald and the Captain of Clanranald (as they called John MacDonald, the beast—a scurvy knave!), separating at Accurach at the forking of the two Glens, and entering both, Montrose himself coming on the rear as a support. As if to favour the people of the Glens, a thaw came that day with rain and mist that cloaked them largely from view as they ran for the hills to shelter in the sheiling bothies. The ice, as I rode up the water-side, home to Glen

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Shira to gather some men and dispose my father safely, was breaking on the surface of the loch and roaring up on the shore in the incoming tide. It came piling in layers in the bays—a most wonderful spectacle! I could not hear my horse's hooves for the cracking and crushing and cannonade of it as it flowed in on a south wind to the front of the Gearran, giving the long curve of the land an appearance new and terrible, filled as it was far over high-water mark with monstrous blocks, answering with groans and cries to every push of the tide.

I found the Glen wrapped in mist, the Gearran hamlet empty of people, Maam, Kilblaan, Stuchgoy, and Ben Bhuidhe presenting every aspect of desolation. A weeping rain was making sodden all about my father's house when I galloped to the door, to find him and the *sgalag* the only ones left.

The old man was bitter on the business.

"Little I thought," said he, "to see the day when Glen Shira would turn tail on an enemy."

"Where are they?" I asked, speaking of our absent followers; but indeed I might have saved the question, for I knew before he told me they were up in the corries between the mounts, and in the caves of Glen Finne.

He was sitting at a fire that was down to its gray ash, a mournful figure my heart was vexed to see. Now and then he would look about him, at the memorials of my mother, her chair and her Irish Bible (the first in the parish), and a posy of withered flowers that lay on a bowl on a shelf where she had placed them, new cut and fresh, the day she took to her deathbed. Her wheel, too, stood in the corner, with the thread snapped short in the heck—a hint, I many times thought, at the sundered interests of life.

"I suppose we must be going with the rest," I ventured; "there's small sense in biding here to be butchered."

He fell in a rain of tears, fearing nor death nor hardship I knew, but wae at the abandonment of his home. I had difficulty in getting him to consent to come with me, but at last I gave the prospect of safety in the town and the company of friends there so attractive a hue that he consented. So we hid a few things under a *bruach* or overhanging brae beside the burn behind the house, and having shut all the doors—a comical precaution against an army, it struck me at the time—we rode down to Inneraora, to the town house of our relative Craignure.

It was a most piteous community, crowded in every lane and pend with men, women, and children dreadful of the worst. All day the people had been trooping in from the landward parts, flying before the rumour of the Athole advance down Cladich. For a time there was the hope that the invaders would but follow the old Athole custom and plunder as they went, sparing unarmed men and women; but this hope we surrendered when a lad came from Carnus with a tale of two old men, who were weavers there, and a woman, nailed into their huts and burned to death.

Had Inneraora been a walled town, impregnable, say, as a simple Swabian village with a few sconces and redoubts, and a few pieces of cannon, we old stagers would have counselled the holding of it against all comers; but it was innocently open to the world, its back windows looking into the fields, its through-going wynds and closes leading frankly to the open *beallach* or pass.

A high and sounding wind had risen from the south, the sea got in a tumult, the ice-blocks ran like sheep before it to the Gearran bay and the loch-head. I thought afterward it must be God's providence that opened up for us so suddenly a way of flight from this lamentable trap, by the open water now free from shore to shore in front of the town. Generalling the community as if he was a marshal of brigade, John Splendid showed me the first of his manly quality in his preparation for the removal of the women and children. He bade the men run out the fishing smacks, the wherries and skiffs, at the Cadger's Quay, and moving about that frantic people, he disposed them in their several places on the crafts that were to carry them over the three-mile ferry to Cowal. A man born to enterprise and guidance, certes! I never saw his equal. He had the happy word for all, the magic hint of hope, a sober merriment when needed, sometimes a little raillery and laughing, sometimes (with the old) a farewell in the ear. Even the better gentry, Sir Donald and the rest, took a second place in the management,

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beholding in this poor gentleman the human heart that at a pinch is better than authority in a gold-braided coat.

By noon we had every bairn and woman (but for one woman I'll mention) on their way from the shore, poor dears! tossing on the turbulent sea, the women weeping bitterly for the husbands and sons they left, for of men there went with them but the oldsters, able to guide a boat, but poorly equipped for battling with Irish banditty. And my father was among them, in the kind hands of his *sgalag* and kinswomen, but in a vague indifference of grief.

A curious accident, that in the grace of God made the greatest difference on my after-life, left among them that found no place in the boats the daughter of Provost Brown. She had made every preparation to go with her father and mother, and had her foot on the beam of the boat, when the old woman set up a cry for an oe that had been forgot in the confusion, and was now, likely, crying in the solitude of the backlands. It was the love-bairn of a dead mother, brought up in the kindly Highland fashion, free of every girnel and kail-pot. Away skirted Betty up the causeway of the Cadger's Quay, and in among the lanes, for the little one, and (I learned again) she found her playing well content among puddled snow, chattering to herself in the loneliness of yon war-menaced town. And she had but snatched her up to seek safety with her in the boats when the full tide of Colkitto's robbers came pelting in under the Arches. They cut her off from all access to the boats by that way, so she turned and made for the other end of the town, hoping to hail in her father's skiff when he had put far enough off shore to see round the point and into the second bay.

We had but time to shout her apparent project to her father, when we found ourselves fighting hand to hand against the Irish gentry in trews. This was no market-day brawl, but a stark assault-at-arms. All in the sound of a high wind, broken now and then with a rain blattering even-down, and soaking through tartan and *clo-dubh*, we at it for dear life. Of us Clan Campbell people, gentrice and commoners, and so many of the Lowland mechanics of the place as were left behind, there would be something less than two hundred, for the men who had come up the loch-side to the summon of the beacons returned the way they came when they found MacCailein gone, and hurried to the saving of wife and bairn. We were all well armed with fusil and sword, and in that we had some advantage of the caterans bearing down on us; for they had, for the main part, but rusty matchlocks, pikes, bill-hooks—even bows and arrows, antique enough contrivance for a time of civilised war! But they had hunger and hate for their backers, good guidance in their own savage fashion from MacDonald, and we were fighting on a half heart, a body never trained together, and stupid to the word of command.

From the first, John took the head of our poor defence. He was *duine-uasail* enough, and he had, notoriously, the skill that earned him the honour, even over myself (in some degree), and certainly over Sir Donald.

The town-head fronted the upper bay, and between it and the grinding ice on the shore lay a broad track of what might be called esplanade, presenting ample space for our *rencontre*.

"Gentlemen," cried John, picking off a man with the first shot from a silver-butted *tag* he pulled out of his waist-belt at the onset, "and with your leave, Sir Donald (trusting you to put pluck in these Low Country shopkeepers), it's Inneraora or Ifrinn for us this time. Give them cold steel, and never an inch of arm-room for their bills!"

Forgotten were the boats, behind lay all our loves and fortunes—was ever Highland heart but swelled on such a time? Sturdy black and hairy scamps the Irish—never German boor so inelegant—but venomous in their courage. Score upon score of them ran in on us through the Arches. Our lads had but one shot from the muskets, then into them with the dirk and sword.

"Montrose! Montrose!" cried the enemy, even when the blood glucked at the thrapple, and they twisted to the pain of the knife.

"A papist dog!" cried Splendid, hard at it on my right, for once a zealous Protestant, and he was whisking around him his broad sword like a hazel wand, facing half-a-dozen Lochaber axes. "Cruachan! Cruachan!" he sang. And we cried the old slogan but

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once, for time pressed and wind was dear.

Sitting cosy in a tavern with a friend nowadays, listening to a man singing, in the cheery way of taverns, the ditty that the Leckan bard made upon this little spulzie, I could weep and laugh in turns at minding of yon winter's day. In the hot stress of it I felt but the ardour that's under all men who wear tartan—less a hatred of the men I thrust and slashed at with Sir Claymore than a zest in the busy traffic, and something of a pride (God help me !) in the pretty way my blade dirled on the harn-pans of the rascals. There was one trick of the sword I had learned off an old sergeant of pikes in Mackay's Scots, in a leisure afternoon in camp, that I knew was alien to every man who used the targe in home battles, and it served me like a Mull wife's charm. They might be sturdy, the dogs, valorous too, for there's no denying the truth, and they were gleg, gleg with the target in fending, but, man, I found them mighty simple to the feint and lunge of Alasdair Mor !

Listening, as I say, to a song in a tavern, I'm sad for the stout fellows of our tartan who fell that day, and still I could laugh gaily at the amaze of the ragged corps who found gentlemen before them. They pricked at us, for all their natural ferocity, with something like apology for marring our fine clothes, and when the end came, and we were driven back, they left the gentlemen of our band to retreat by the pends to the beechwood, and gave their attention to the main body of our common townsmen.

We had edged, Splendid and Sir Donald and I, into a bit of green behind the church, and we held a council of war on our next move.

Three weary men, the rain smirring on our sweating faces, there we were. I noticed that a trickle of blood was running down my wrist, and I felt at the same time a beat at the shoulder that gave the explanation, and had mind that a fellow in the Athole corps had fired a pistolet point-blank at me, missing me, as I had thought, by the thickness of my doublet-sleeve.

"You've got a cut," said Sir Donald. "You have a face like the clay."

"A bit of the skin off," said I, unwilling to vex good company.

"We must take to Eas-a-chosain for it," said Splendid, his eyes flashing wild upon the scene, the gristle of his red neck throbbing.

Smoke was among the haze of the rain ; from the thatch of the townhead houses the wind brought on us the smell of burning heather and brake and fir-joist.

"Here's the lamentable end of town Inneraora !" said John, in a doleful key.

And we ran, the three of us, up the Fisherland burn-side to the wood of Creag Dubh.

(*To be continued.*)

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NEW BOOKS.

THE WHIRLPOOL.*

In construction and in the management of the story, this, the latest novel from Mr. Gissing's pen, exhibits a rather marked contrast to his other important books. In them, a single central motive is always forced upon the reader's mind with certainty and strength, and with an insistence that is sometimes almost brutal. To this main theme all else is thoroughly subordinated; and the result is that when at last one puts aside the book there remains in the memory a strong if harsh impression suggestive of a picture branded by a red-hot iron.

But long before we finish reading the first hundred pages of *The Whirlpool* we have a most uncomfortable sense of vagueness, of confusion and excess, and of a lack of sequence and relevancy in very much of the detail. The same feeling to some extent continués even to the end. Mr. Gissing has overloaded his novel with material, and worse still, he has not reduced a part of this material to any definite order. He bewilders us with a multitude of small details. He introduces too many characters. He elaborates incidents which we strive hard to keep in mind, because there is a sort of impressiveness in the way in which they are told that leads one to feel that they are of the greatest moment, until we find at last that they have no real significance whatever. There is a general criss-cross of casual happenings that bewilder, and that seriously detract from the vividness of the narrative, because they blur the outlines of the picture as a whole. Mr. Gissing's theory probably is that he is giving us a view of an entire section of society, with the important and the unimportant blended as in life; and he has the example of M. Zola to justify his theory that such a plan is artistically sound. As a plan, perhaps, it may be; but, like every other plan, its merit is very naturally contingent upon the manner of its execution. Therefore, while M. Zola will accumulate a mass of infinitely small details around his leading theme, he has yet so perfect a mastery of them all and so keen a psychological sense, that in some way he manages to blend them into one harmonious whole, so that we are never conscious of any lack of unity. M. Zola, in other words, understands the secret of the *callida iunctura*, while Mr. Gissing, as yet, does not; with the result that *L'Assommoir* is a book of the very first rank, while *The Whirlpool* falls below the highest level of Mr. Gissing's own achievement.

There are some minor differences of tone, also, between this novel and its predecessors. The book is by no means cheerful, yet it is less morbid than they, less harsh in expression, and somewhat less completely pessimistic. The author is evidently beginning to discover that his shadows are all the deeper when they are seen in contrast with a ray or two of light, and that this contrast also gives more truly the effect of life itself. We likewise miss (and with no regret) the one male type that Mr. Gissing has always heretofore been drawing for us —the type of the well-educated, but ungentle, middle-class Englishman, rough of tongue, somewhat unfeeling, and mentally hob-nailed. For this, at any rate, we can all be thankful, since the endless procession of these persons through his other stories had begun to be monotonous.

When stripped of all its divagations and duly disentangled from its maze of episode, the motive of *The Whirlpool* will be found in the story which it gives of a girl named Alma Frothingham, who is its central figure and most carefully elaborated study. Alma Frothingham is the daughter of a rather shifty speculator, whose banking-house goes down in a crash quite early in the book, and who thereupon betakes himself to suicide. Mr. Gissing, with his usual fondness for questions of heredity, gives us a hint that Alma's mother, long dead, had been a woman of rather difficult ways, and that she had died of a cerebral lesion. Alma herself is a girl of mental and emotional instability, clever, yet not really brilliant; ambitious, sensitive, and eager to accomplish something, yet infirm of purpose and uncertain of her own intentions. The keynote of her character is vanity, or rather approbativeness; she is intensely sus-

* The Whirlpool. By George Gissing. New York: Frederick A. Stokes Co. $1.50.

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ceptible to flattery, and her one lasting desire is to win success as a musician—a violinist. She tries other things at times—the piano and water-colour painting—and at times she wearies of every form of art ; yet it is as an artist that she always wishes to be viewed. Temperamentally she is not ardent ; and purely physical pleasure makes no strong appeal to her imagination ; yet she has a certain graceful, half-seductive charm which inspires in others the feelings to which she is herself comparatively a stranger.

After her father's suicide, Alma Frothingham sets out for Germany, where she studies rather aimlessly and where she has two different offers from two different types of men. One of these, Felix Dyme, a composer of popular music, who is an absolute vulgarian and cad, proposes marriage. The other person, one Redgrave, a wealthy, cultivated, and attractive man of forty, suggests that she become his mistress. Each offers as an inducement the furtherance of her musical ambition, and each one receives from her a refusal—Dyme, because of his unpleasant personality, and Redgrave, presumably, because he makes his proposition much too hastily and with no preliminary talk of love. Returning to England, she marries an old acquaintance, one Harvey Rolfe, whose character is admirably drawn in the first two pages of the novel, and who is a kindly, upright, rather studious man, with a moderate income and quiet tastes. For a time Alma is enthusiastic over domesticity and a simple life. She has a child ; she makes her home with her husband in the country, and tries to believe that she is happy ; but her musical ambition revives in her, and she secures her husband's half-reluctant consent to her appearance as a professional violinist. Dyme undertakes to bring her out, and Redgrave, who reappears, and who now treats her with a graceful deference, wins back the liking that she once had felt for him. Both men again appeal to her ambition ; both show that they can further it ; and both try in their respective ways to undermine her honour. Dyme, as before, because of his offensive familiarity and his coarseness, does not really tempt her ; but Redgrave, who puts forth all his charm of manner, who delicately flatters her artistic vanity, and who has every possible influence at his command to ensure success for any *débutante*, acquires a tenacious hold upon her thoughts. She does not really love him, yet the intensity of her desire for fame, and the pique which she feels when she is artfully persuaded that she has a rival, lead her to great lengths. She even visits his house one evening, though only with a view to spying upon the woman whom she believes to be her rival, and who is, by the way, no rival at all. As she meets Redgrave in the dark, the husband of the other woman who has had stories told him appears, at first mistakes Alma for his own wife, and kills Redgrave on the spot. Alma escapes for the time, though the slayer of Redgrave recognises her. She gives one public recital, and then, because of the shock that she has received, goes back to the quiet life with her husband. She is, however, greatly *ennuyée*, and acquires the habit of taking a narcotic, from an overdose of which she commits suicide immediately after the discovery by her husband that it was she who was at Redgrave's house on the evening of his death, and who thus unintentionally brought about the homicide.

Such, in the barest outline, is the essential story of *The Whirlpool*. As a story it is far less striking, and its movement is far slower than that of *In the Year of Jubilee* or *The Unclassed*. It is best, however, regarded not so much as a story as a study of temperament, and of the dangers that beset a woman who deliberately chooses for herself the *vie d'artiste*. The theme is trite enough, and the story is a very old one. It has been a text for many writers and moralists, yet because of its appalling reality and its ever-present illustration in life, it is a theme that cannot be dismissed as stale. Mr. Gissing has treated it with a good deal of insight and an absolute command of fact ; and it is these gifts that endue the novel with the interest which it possesses.

We think, however, that he has made a very serious mistake in selecting for the purpose of his study the exceptional rather than the usual case, for in so doing he has certainly weakened the interest of his book. A woman who is happily married to a man of high character, with a sufficient income, and one whose ambition does not spring from a love of her art, but from a purely per-

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sonal vanity, may, of course, be tempted, and may yield to temptation. Yet if she does so, she can hardly be an object of sympathy or of any particular interest. What she does, she does with her eyes open, wilfully, and with no excuse. Had Mr. Gissing taken the case of the woman who is sincerely devoted to her calling, who is at soul an artist, and who is at the same time quite alone and struggling upward, unprotected and unaided, then he might have converted his study into a work of extraordinary power and pathos. For here are all the elements that go to make a great emotional drama, if not a tragedy. An artist, who is also a woman, cannot tread the path that leads from obscurity to success without passing through the storm and stress of an incessant and insidious temptation. The artistic temperament is, in itself, not one to be endangered in any vulgar way. Its delicacy, the fineness of its instincts, and its sensitive nerves that are jarred by anything unlovely, make its possessor shrink almost unconsciously from the grosser forms of evil. It would never accept the wrong with deliberate premeditation. But, on the other hand, it is so allied with all that is emotional as to create for it a peril of another sort. Again, the passion for success, far more intense in woman than in man, in proportion as woman is much more single-minded than is man, makes all else seem of little consequence when once the critical moment has arrived. And love need not enter directly into the story at all. Let there but be some one near who can give comfort and support, and let the crisis come when either success or failure has been brought appreciably near, and then at the blending of the artist's overpowering ambition with the woman's need of masculine companionship and sympathy, the unstrung nerves and vibrant chords of uncontrollable emotion will sweep away all the conventional reserves, and the end is swiftly reached. That which to the artist stands so often in the place of love is told by Mr. Gissing, in what he has written down of Alma Frothingham, in a few words whose understanding is quite marvellous :

"She had never loved Redgrave, had never even thought of him with that curiosity which piques the flesh ; *yet so inseparably was he associated with her life at its points of utmost tension and ardour*, that she could not bear to yield to any other woman a closer intimacy, a prior claim. At her peril she had tempted him. . . ."

But of Mr. Gissing's story it may be said that, apart from his having made a mistake in choosing a comparatively uninteresting illustration of a most profoundly interesting sphere of life, he has so managed his work as to give us only a shadowy sketch rather than a powerful delineation. Alma Frothingham is not realised in his description. He tells us who she is and what she does, but he does not make us *feel* it all. She is not a human being ; she is little better than a lay figure. His incidents are lamentably true ; his situations are as real as anything can be ; but the central figure, of which both incidents and situations are but the setting, is veiled and dubious and dim. And hence, with all its merit and all its wealth of observation and accurate knowledge, *The Whirlpool* must be classed with *The Emancipated*, while *In the Year of Jubilee* still stands as the high-water mark of Mr. Gissing's genius.

Harry Thurston Peck.

TWO FOREIGN STATESMEN.*

There is no full and adequate modern Life of Philip II. Prescott's is now forty years old, and deals less with the man than his times. The old Spanish lives are mostly uncritical panegyrics ; such works as have lately appeared in the Peninsula, in Germany and France, are concerned with special departments and episodes of Philip's reign. Mr. Hume may therefore be said to have occupied, and to hold for the present, this new field. The case of William the Silent is different. Miss Putnam's work, which appeared in two volumes in 1895, is authoritative, perhaps final, and Mr. Harrison commends it warmly. It follows that his own little volume must assume much of the character of an abridgment, though he has not failed to review for himself the authorities. We have not found, however, any instance in

* William the Silent. By Frederic Harrison. Philip II. of Spain. By Martin A. S. Hume. Foreign Statesmen Series. New York : The Macmillan Co. 75 cents per volume.

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which he has found it necessary to correct Miss Putnam's conclusions. To her at least we owe the flood of interest regarding William's domestic life and character which Mr. Harrison has so pleasingly handled. No dog ever received so unjust a name to be hanged by as this stupid title of "the Silent." We go to see the bullet mark in that dark stair at Delft, with our heads full of eloquent scraps from popular essays about the Great Silentiary—his impenetrable eyes, dark designs, unspoken yearnings, his stern self-repression, and all the rest of it. Alas! William was in his youth a splendid, extravagant Prince Charming, and even when troubles were wearing him down, he retained to the last what all regarded as his peculiar characteristic, and this was not taciturnity, but excessive affability and brilliant, copious conversation. We can see for ourselves that he writes with every fluency and lucidity; we are assured that his talk to high and low was singularly easy, charming, and persuasive. The origin of the misnomer is highly authenticated, but has never convinced me. Either the evidence is wrong or we are baffled by a mystery. The story as told by himself, by Payen and others, is that in 1559, while hunting one day, Henry II. disclosed to William his plans for rooting out heresy, thinking that Alva had made him privy to the whole scheme. William did not undeceive him, and from that day became the Protestant champion. Now here we have no hint of silence—the least silence would have bred suspicion. Payen's words are, "the prince answered him in such a way that," etc. Evidently he discussed matters with him, though no doubt in a guarded way. So William was not silent, but politic, diplomatic, wary, astute, and reticent. Now we wish Mr. Harrison had traced, if possible, how and when this absurd nickname came to be fastened on William, and how it gradually stuck to him. For my own part I cannot but suspect that its source in the hunting episode was an afterthought. However, if we lose the impressive taciturnity of our hero, we are repaid by his many noble and gracious qualities, over which Mr. Harrison does well to be enthusiastic.

Mr. Hume's is a heavier task, of which William and the Netherlands form but a part. All European history throughout a lengthy period is involved, and to just touch the leading events without dwelling on them needed much art. Mr. Hume has succeeded. His history is clear, succinct, and philosophical, and he keeps it always as the background to that most singular and pathetic of life tragedies. To most the essay will be more than a history or a biography. It will be a revelation—irritating or consoling as the case may be. Shakespeare alone could have taught us all that is implied in the career of Philip the Prudent. Our instinct detests the man and his thoughts and deeds. Yet the Spaniards, who knew him best, loved and still fondly revere their sainted patriot king. Next to St. Louis, he was the supreme example of the conscientious Christian monarch. His piety was fervent, evangelical, almost Protestant. The dauntless faith and sweet resignation of his last days seem harmonious echoes of Exeter Hall. From first to last he had failed in everything, and now he saw the cause of God fatally lost. But he still hoped, trusted, and believed. In a word, Mr. Hume reads the riddle. The poor old tyrant died a martyr to the cause of God, because he had identified it with the cause of Philip. We shall not analyze the contents of this little book, but only commend them heartily to thoughtful readers. They are original, interesting, and of deep import. It is a work to be spoken of and read with respect.

Y. Y.

THE BOOK OF DREAMS AND GHOSTS.*

Mr. Lang says his mind is in a "balance of doubt" about ghosts, properly so called; but in spite of his coy avoidance of theories, he triumphantly presents us with well-authenticated stories that none of the scientists can yet explain. He is alternately working side by side with the scientists in demolishing haunted men and houses, and laughing at their limited ideas on the subject of evidence, and giving them posers. He gives them some excellent posers—the Ghost that Bit, for instance—but the first purpose of his book forbids that

* The Book of Dreams and Ghosts. By Andrew Lang. New York: Longmans, Green & Co. $2.00.

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all his stories should be good, regarded merely as stories. Though far more entertaining than their stock writers, he is doing the work of the S.P.R., and cannot despise any evidence. He must not omit the dull; let us thank him for selecting it. Of course he takes away with one hand what he gives with the other. For it should be clearly understood that human imagination gains less from this ghost propaganda than does science, which will have its borders widened thereby. This is the moment for the pioneer in science to glow, not the romantic person.

To some brain specialists, no doubt an idiot is the most interesting of human creatures; and a serious investigator of ghosts can study with enthusiasm happenings so purposeless and inane that nothing but an abnormally developed scientific conscience can keep us from yawning over them. Even in Mr. Lang's entertaining book there is ample evidence that the majority of uncooked ghost stories are the experiences of inferior human beings, and that the *revenants*, too, are mostly poor-souled things, with such over-anxiety about trifles and details as only the greatest bores of our daily life can rival. The most tiresome ghosts of all are the noisy ones. To ignore them would be proper treatment did they not shy brickbats. We cannot in reason grudge the space devoted to Mr. Lang to their idiotic kind, seeing that quite recently they have been throwing lumps of coal at lieges in the East End of London, and the police cannot lay them. (By the way, ghosts, we learn, have, in their time, been ejected by legal proceedings, the spirits obeying the court without a murmur—see "The Marvels at Fróda"). Contempt may be an irrational attitude toward such imbecile imps, but we can only walk hastily away from the sphere of their action, with the remark of the Bishop of St. Asaph on our lips, that "such means were unworthy of the Deity to employ."

The difference between the fine ghost stories of the past and nearly all those authenticated to-day is enormous. Mr. Lang thinks it plain that certain modern Icelandic cases he relates "might easily be swollen into the prodigious tale of Glam in the course of two or three centuries." These modern happenings are dull. The tale of Glam, Mr. Lang calls, without too much exaggeration, "the best story in the world." The inference from it all is that the study of the human imagination is magnificently enticing, and that the study of the majority of ghostly visitations only a scientific conscience can drive us to. The ghost in the brain is more convincing of strange powers than any churchyard haunter. In a little while we shall all perforce believe in ghosts, placidly, as we do now in germs, and leave their investigation also to the Institutes. At the head of one of these should be placed the lady who figures here under the name of Rose Morton. She fastened strings from the stair-railings to the walls with glue to check her ghosts, and tried to pounce on them. But they passed through her springs and dodged her pounces. Mr. Lang defends himself from attack, and possibly from correspondence, by describing her as "a lady of nineteen, studying medicine (and wearing spectacles)."

THE RUINS AND EXCAVATIONS OF ANCIENT ROME.*

Not many years have passed since "Classical Archæology" denoted a branch of learning and investigation far removed from matters of general interest, and regarded with awe, not only by the reading public in general, but by many students of the classics. At the present time, however, it is nothing unusual to find articles in a child's paper on such subjects as the Galley of Lake Nemi, to see Rome and Pompeii in the lecture list of the country lyceum, while books on archæology are sold on the bargain counters of the city department stores, and the popular novel of the day is in reality a reproduction of the life of Rome in the middle of the first century A.D.

This widespread interest in things archæological is due in great measure to the labours of such men as Schliemann with his "Troy" and "Mycenæ" in the Greek field, and of Lanciani in the Roman field. There is much resemblance between these two scholars in the spirit with which they approached their work, as well as in the character of the books

* The Ruins and Excavations of Ancient Rome. By Rodolfo Lanciani. Boston and New York: Houghton, Mifflin & Co. $4.00.

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by which they made known the results of their investigations. They both entered upon their task of bringing to light the buried stores of antiquity with a supreme faith in the importance and reliability of what they intended to discover. Schliemann looked for Homer's Troy and the tomb of Agamemnon, Lanciani looked for the Rome of the Kings, of the Republic, and of the Empire. Their success in achieving the objects of their search is almost too familiar to mention.

After having been the author of over three hundred special works on archæology, and while still engaged upon his monumental Forma Urbis, Professor Lanciani has once more earned the gratitude of scholars and general readers, by bringing out this most scholarly and entertaining handbook which forms the subject of our review.

The author declares it his intention to make this work a companion book for students and travellers, and his design has been faithfully kept in view. This compact volume of 619 pages is a combined Baedeker and Middleton. On p. 50 are found directions for an excursion to Monte Ripoli and the viaducts and bridges of the great aqueducts; at the beginning of Book II. there are "hints to visitors," with warnings against afternoon visits to the Palatine ruins, while scattered through the book are such suggestions as "No special permission is required—but the gardener has acquired the habit of asking exorbitant fees." Although the visitor has thus been remembered, the main purpose of the book is to supply students with essential points of information, in concise form, as to the ruins and excavations in Rome. With this in view, the author has not confined himself to either a chronological, topographical, or architectural method of treatment, but recognising the advantages of each of these systems, has availed himself of all three, according to the special subject under consideration.

In Book I. "the fundamental lines of Roman topography are described—site, geology, configuration of soil, malaria, climate, rivers and springs, aqueducts and drains, walls and roads." The timid will find much comfort in the section on malaria, particularly in the statement that the death-rate of the resident population is only 19.45 per 1000. In the section entitled Climate, Rome is said to have 155 cloudless days in the year, 122 misty, 83 cloudy, and in the summer-time the city is cooled by the sea breeze from 11 A.M. to 6 P.M. Among other matters of interest in this book are the description of the water-supply, both ancient and modern, and details as to the population of the ancient city, which is set at 1,000,000 in the imperial period. Scholars will find the thirty pages devoted to the Walls of Rome a most concise and satisfactory treatment of this important subject.

Book II. is devoted entirely to the Palatine Hill. The origin of the Palatine city is illustrated by a description of the settlement of Antemnæ, five miles distant, which "died a sudden death a few years after the foundation of Rome," and of the pre-historic towns found in the *terra marna* or marl at Castellazzo di Fontanellato in the province of Parma. The investigation of the sites of these towns has thrown much light upon the manners, customs, and civilisation of the sister primitive town on the Palatine. The remainder of the book is occupied with the history of the Palatine in the imperial period. The palaces of Augustus, Tiberius, Caligula, Domitian, and Severus are treated in detail, while much attention is given to the two edifices, still defying definite explanation as to their purpose, the Stadium and the Septizonium.

Book III. is entitled "A Walk through the Sacra Via from the Coliseum to the Capitoline Hill." Here Professor Lanciani, following both the chronological and topographical methods, considers the "relics of the kingly and the republican period," and the grand monuments of the imperial times found along the Via Sacra in the Forum and on the Capitoline Hill.

Book IV. deals with the remainder of the city, which is described by the fourteen *regiones* of Augustus. The author has, however, grouped the buildings according to their chronology or purpose rather than with regard to the place they happen to occupy. Thus "the ruins of the Cælian Hill and its watershed toward the River Almo," situated in *regiones* I. and II., and forming the district, so to speak, of the barracks, are first considered; again, the Coliseum

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located in the third *regio* is studied in connection with the associated buildings, the *samiarium*, or hospital; the *spoliarium*, or morgue; the *armamentarium*, or arsenal, situated in the second *regio*.

This entire book is deserving of the most careful study. We may mention in particular the account of the Pantheon and the description of the commercial quarters of Rome as of peculiar interest. After a thorough investigation of the subject Professor Lanciani declares that the Pantheon is not the work of Agrippa, but of Hadrian, and that it dates 120–124 A.D., although the capitals, the columns, the entablature of the portico with the inscription which assigns the building to Agrippa, may be original.

Two features of this work will prove of great use to the student and traveller: first, the very full bibliography, which closes the consideration of every subject, and again the chronological lists of emperors and popes, and the treatises on coins, the calendar, and ancient marbles, which form the appendix.

The great attractiveness of Professor Lanciani's books is due to the authority with which he speaks, the enthusiasm which stands forth on every page, and the readiness with which he applies his discoveries to questions of popular interest. The excellent style and the easy flow of language are also potent factors in rendering his books very readable. The author shows his foreign derivation by the irregularity of his capitalisation —*e.g.*, *præfectus Annonæ*, *Salinæ romanæ*, *horrea Piperataria*; and by such expressions as "after her divorce with M. Agrippa," "during my long experience of Roman excavations," "the columbaria are designed and their contents illustrated." Much more deserving of criticism are Caius, p. 27, alongside of the correct form Gaius, p. 548; also Cnæus in three instances and Cneus in one, while the correct Gnæus does not occur. The semi-vowel I is represented by both J and I.

The statement on p. 16, that Horace, in Ode i. 2, referred to the flood of 23 B.C., is extraordinary, for the Ode dates five or six years earlier. On p. 147 the list of titles from the Corpus Inscriptionum VI. of the officers of the Domus Tiberiana is misleading, since Belambelus (not Balambelus), Albanus, and Iucundus are proper names, and should appear as such.

Correct also *fourmillière*, p. 150, to *fourmilière*; Cizycene to Cyzicene, p. 163; 1780, on p. 94, to 1870; Corpus vii. 872 to vi. 872; *aspergillus*, p. 288, to *aspergillum*; Corpus 1458*a*, p. 244, to Corpus 1468, and, finally, Cicero *ad Attic.* xxxiii. 13, on p. 12, to xiii. 33.4.

The usefulness and attractiveness of the book are increased by numerous half-tone pictures, which are, as a whole, very clear, and also by plans of the various parts of the city. The printing is excellent and suited to the purpose and form of the book, but this is not true of the binding, which is too luxurious for a handbook to be used by students and travellers.

James C. Egbert, Jr.

AUDUBON AND HIS JOURNALS.*

The announcement that the Scribners would publish at Christmas a work entitled *Audubon and his Journals* set on the *qui vive* all lovers of natural history, American or English; and it is with a sigh of regret that the reviewer lays down the two large volumes on finding that they contain only the following:

1. A short biographical preface by the compiler, Miss M. R. Audubon, granddaughter of the naturalist. 2. "Myself," a hasty sketch of Audubon's early life, written by himself in 1835, and heretofore published only in *Scribner's Magazine*, March, 1893. 3. "The European Journals" (1826–29), never before published *verbatim*. 4. The "Labrador Journal" (1833), never before published *verbatim*. 5. The "Missouri River Journals" (1843), *verbatim*, the latter part of which had been lost for fifty years. 6. The "Episodes," a series of short sketches which appeared in Audubon's *Ornithological Biography*, but which never before have been placed in chronological order.

Miss Audubon is right in assuming that her biographical sketch is the most authentic extant. Many have been written, and yet the so-called most authentic, *The Life of Audubon the Naturalist*, edited by Robert Buchanan, is unreliable as any of the rest. In this we

* Audubon and his Journals. By M. R. Audubon. 2 vols. New York: Charles Scribner's Sons. $7.50.

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find so much Buchanan and so little Audubon, except in a derogatory way, so many glaring mistakes—errors in dates and names, etc.—as to make it untrustworthy and unfair.

John James Laforest Audubon (Vol. I., p. 5), to America, stands in the light that Thomas Bewick and F. O. Morris, combined, do to England.

Bewick was a man of black and white. His woodcuts to-day remain as classics of the woodcutter's art. Morris, seventy years later, tried in colors and succeeded. But with what different surroundings! Bewick, White, Waterton, and a host of others had made the ornithology of the British Isles—not much larger than New York State—an accomplished fact. Audubon began his work in colours when the ornithology of a vast continent was unknown, and his first publication on the subject was just thirty years before Morris. Considering the strides taken during those thirty years in the art of coloured engraving, the facilities Morris had from private and public collections of birds in museums and aviaries, it is strange that Morris's work should be so little, if any, superior to Audubon's.

Let us dismiss at once and forever the oft-spoken accusation of "flatness" in Audubon's plates. The same flatness is to a large extent noticeable in Morris. The reason for this is best summed up precisely in a statement of Baron Cuvier's: that artistic and true effects of colour cannot be combined in delineating birds. Possibly Audubon might have obtained better technical effects by putting in no background, as was the case with Morris; but it must be remembered that the plants of America were new then as the birds, and that Audubon was "the painter-naturalist, as Charles Bonaparte calls me" (Vol. I., p. 403).

To the curious it may seem strange that these two volumes throw no new light on the true date of Audubon's birth. His granddaughter (Vol. I., p. 6) makes this statement:

"To these circumstances" (his father's roving life), "also, it is probably due that the date of Audubon's birth is not known and must always remain an open question. In his journals and letters various allusions are made to his age, and many passages bearing on the matter are found, but, with one exception, no two agree; he may have been born anywhere between 1772 and 1783, and in the face of this uncertainty the date usually given, May 5th, 1780, may be accepted, though the true one is no doubt earlier."

His father was a French sailor, who, near the middle of the last century, settled in San Domingo, where he bought an estate and married a Spanish Creole. Young Audubon was born in New Orleans, and shortly after his birth the father, mother, and child returned to San Domingo. In one of the many *émeutes* prior to 1793, Mrs. Audubon was murdered, and the father escaped with the child to New Orleans. Thence they went to France, where Audubon senior married again in Nantes. His early childhood there with his stepmother, who was devotedly attached to him, was the first thing Audubon could remember. The father went back to San Domingo, and later fought under Lafayette, becoming finally an admiral in the French service, and returned to live in France in 1801. The admiral found, on his return, that the young hopeful had attended to natural history more than his books, and was promptly settled down to hard military schooling. Judging from the context (Vol. I., pp. 6–8), about the year 1803, his father found it necessary to send the young man over to America to attend to an estate known as Mill Grove, situated on a tributary of the Schuylkill River, and purchased in 1774. Arriving in New York, Audubon caught yellow fever, and, when recovered, took charge of his father's property during the winter, where he met his future wife, Miss Lucy Bakewell, whose father had just purchased the adjoining estate to Mill Grove. He returned to France next spring, partly on business and partly to obtain his father's consent to his marriage. The young lady was only seventeen, and both fathers seem to have agreed that she was too young and Audubon too unbusinesslike to marry. He therefore remained in France two years, studying ornithology and drawing and painting birds at every spare moment. In the spring of 1806 young Audubon again sailed for America, reaching New York May 6th. He immediately went to Mill Grove to see Miss Bakewell, and stayed there two years, ostensibly engaged in business, but really devoting his whole time to field sports and natural history. Up to the date of his marriage (April 8th, 1808), and for some years after, Audubon might be called a

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spoiled child of fortune, with one great hobby. Even after marriage he was willing to leave his business in the hands of others, and wander, with gun and pencil, through the wild-woods, paving the way unwittingly for his future life-work. Not till 1819, after a disastrous venture in steam-boating and steam-milling at Henderson, Ky., did he realize the true meaning of life by finding himself penniless, with a wife and two children to support. What was to be done? There was only one course open. His brush and pencil were all his capital, and with them he paid his way, the brave wife assisting by taking scholars, till 1826. He found time between landscape and portrait painting, however, to carry on his darling pursuit, which, with the advice of friends, had ripened into the set purpose of publishing a series of coloured plates of American birds. This was so far complete in 1826, that, after consultation with friends, it was decided America was no place to publish such a work, and it became, therefore, necessary to take it abroad. His winter's work of 1825–26 had netted him $2000; with that and some money his wife, more enthusiastic even than himself, had saved, he sailed for England, leaving his wife in Louisiana, and landed at Liverpool, July 21st, 1826.

It was a bold undertaking—the unknown man of an almost equally unknown continent essaying to publish in a foreign country one of the most stupendous works on natural history ever presented to the public; and had it not been for the "personal magnetism" of Audubon, it is to be doubted if ever the work would have seen the light of day in completed form. He must have been between forty-three and fifty-four years old, probably the latter, see ante, when he arrived in Liverpool, a strangely picturesque figure in dress and appearance, with a personal charm of speech and manner that won the love of all. At first sight he seems to have captured the hearts of the literati, scientific and other, in Liverpool, Manchester, Edinburgh, Oxford and Cambridge, London and Paris. He was spontaneously elected an honorary or corresponding member of all the highest scientific societies of Great Britain and France.

Men of Baron Cuvier's and John Wilson's (Christopher North) stamp are not likely to put themselves out for an "unknown" and write notices and introductory articles on his work unless they realise the intrinsic value of both author and work. In fact, throughout life, those who opposed Audubon were cranks or disappointed, jealous men, whose numbers might be counted on one's fingers.

From early manhood Audubon was in the habit of keeping voluminous journals, almost all of which were destroyed by fires in New York in 1835 and 1845. Miss Audubon has only, out of all of them, in whole or part, nine to assist her in the present work. Notwithstanding many self-accusations that he could not write well, Audubon's journals are brilliant. It is perfectly true he could not bind himself down to the minute detail required for a scientific work. It was, therefore, a stroke of great good fortune when William MacGillivray, himself engaged in an English ornithological work, consented to take upon himself the drudgery of the technical descriptions of Audubon's *Ornithological Biography*. To MacGillivray and Havell, the artist, are due much of the success of Audubon's first two great publications, and no one acknowledged it more heartily than their author.

The original edition of Audubon's *Great Folios*, published by subscription, was brought out in London: Parts I. to V. (25 plates) in 1827; Parts VI. to X. (plates 26–50) in 1828; and the whole work, containing 435 plates, giving 1065 figures of birds, was completed in 1838. The price of the work was two guineas for each part of five plates. Victor Audubon, his eldest son, and able coadjutor from 1832–51, states that one hundred and seventy-five full copies of the original work were issued, of which eighty were held in this country. This, however, had no written text, and the text to the plates was brought out at Edinburgh between the years 1831 and 1839, in five large octavo volumes, under the different title of the *Ornithological Biography*. In 1840–44 the work reappeared in octavo, under the original title of *Birds of America*. There have been various subsequent issues, partial and complete. We cannot leave the "European Journals" (1826–29) without calling attention to Audubon's power of work. From midnight to four A.M. was all the sleep he required; and continu-

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ous painting for sixteen or seventeen hours on a stretch was common. Bitterly does he inveigh against the winter gloom of Liverpool, London, and "Auld Reekie." His rapidity of execution was a marvel to all.

Leaving his successfully launched but unfinished work in the hands of the faithful Havell and MacGillivray, he returned to America, May 10th, 1829, and, without waiting to see his family, plunged into the woods of Pennsylvania and swamps of Jersey to procure new subjects and more perfect paintings of old ones. Late that autumn, Audubon, after a flying visit to his two sons in Louisville, arrived at Bayou Sara, La., where his devoted wife was waiting the return of her hero crowned with success at last.

The next ten years (1829–39) were spent by the family partly in England, completing the publication of the *Great Folios* and the *Ornithological Biography*, and partly in America, procuring new specimens, drawing new plates and redrawing old; and for this purpose Audubon visited the whole of the Eastern and Central States, from the Gulf of Mexico to Canada. The summer of 1833 was spent with his younger son, John, old enough then to materially assist his father, and four friends in a schooner along the northern coast, so well described in the present work under the title of "The Labrador Journal." Never was that rugged, inhospitable coast-line more happily portrayed.

In 1839 the two great works were finished, and a third, *The Quadrupeds of America* (commenced in 1840, but not completed till after Audubon's death), was on the stocks. And this year the family settled in New York, only to remove, in 1842, to "Minniesland," the present site of Audubon Park, and thereafter no important trip was taken except an extended voyage up the Missouri, in 1843, to its junction with the Yellowstone, to procure materials for *The Quadrupeds of America*. This journey is charmingly described in the present volumes, under the title of "The Missouri River Journals," and though written at the probable age of seventy, these show the charms of the poet-naturalist bright and vigorous as those of a young man. The second volume of this work concludes with Audubon's "Episodes," which first appeared in the *Ornithological Biography*, but which have appeared in so many forms since as to be hardly recognised as the work of Audubon's pen.

Miss Audubon's stated purpose in publishing these two volumes is to show the true man through his works. In this she has been eminently successful. Her simple story is unquestionably the best biography we have; and the "Journals," few as they unfortunately are, tell the true story of John Audubon, the painter-naturalist of America, who entered into rest at "Minniesland," New York, January 25th, 1851, when, as Miss Audubon quotes from the most beautiful of English poems, Shelley's "Adonais,"

> "The pard-like spirit, beautiful and swift, . . .
> Outsoared the shadow of our night."

Maurice Kingsley.

CHRISTINA ROSSETTI.*

Miss Rossetti's life was a rather uneventful one. She had few intimate friends, and she sent them not letters, but notes. I have many of her notes, and while they have an interest of their own they are similar to those in Mr. Mackenzie Bell's book. It is doubtful whether any letter of hers exists—I mean any letter in which she really unveils herself. Four pages of note-paper was apparently her limit, and often one page sufficed in her large and curiously neat handwriting. She was evidently one of those women who cannot express themselves in the ordinary ways of human beings. Her conversation, pleasant as it was and courteous, seems to have been always guarded, and probably she had no power to make it otherwise. It was in verse, partly also in religious prose, that she found no difficulty in revealing the depths of her great nature, its reverence, its reserve, its grace and refinement, its distant, hushed worship, its all-surrendering, all-enduring faith.

Miss Rossetti was all her life bound by ties of peculiar affection and reverence to her mother and her sister Maria. They were all one in their religious sympathies, and drew nearer and nearer as the years went on. Maria died some time before Christina, but the mother

* Christina Rossetti. A Biography. By Mackenzie Bell. Boston: Roberts Bros.

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survived until April, 1886, tended to the last with the deepest devotion. Christina had an irritable strain in her disposition altogether conquered in her later life. She was never a great reader, but she was fond of Scott and Anne Radcliffe, and of Maturin. When a young girl she was very lovely, with an extraordinary expression of pensive sweetness. Mr. Mackenzie Bell's book is much enriched by some of the drawings by her brother, which represent her young beauty. In early days the Rossettis were poor, and for some time they kept a day school, which produced very little income. Afterward they went to Frome, where Miss Rossetti and her mother also kept a day school, not successfully. The eleven months during which Christina Rossetti lived at Frome made the longest period she ever spent out of London. She did not care for the place, probably because there was so little to hearten her in its surroundings. When she was a girl of eighteen she received a proposal of marriage from a painter well known in her circle. Though she regarded him with favour, she determined to decline his suit because he was a Roman Catholic. Her first writings were poems, and she contributed early in life a good many articles on Italian writers to the *Imperial Dictionary of Biography*. She was always delicate, more particularly so in her earlier years. Much later in life, when she was about thirty-five, she received a second offer of marriage from an eminent scholar and man of letters. She was in love with him, but again rejected the offer from religious scruples. Her suitor was either not a Christian at all or else was a Christian of undefined and heterodox views. The close of the incident caused her deep pain, and from that time a certain austerity crept over her writings and her whole view of life, although it does not appear that she had much to say directly on the subject. Religion became more and more the engrossing subject of her thoughts. She became closely intimate with the late Rev. Dr. Littledale, the famous High Church controversialist, a man very imperfectly represented by his acknowledged writings, a man of quite singular courage, cheerfulness, and width of sympathy. She paid visits occasionally, though rarely, and kept on friendly terms with her two brothers, with Mr. Watts-Dunton and a few more, but upon the whole she lived a very quiet life in the satisfying company of her mother and sister.

Mr. Bell gives us a good many little letters, some of them trivial enough, but all welcome to those who care for her. We get some information about her projected life of Anne Radcliffe. It seems that she was asked to write it for the Eminent Women Series, and agreed to take £50 ($250). She failed, however, to find sufficient material. This is to be regretted, for the writing of the book would have given us a better understanding of her literary views. She was extremely reticent in criticism, and there is hardly anything here to indicate her favourite books. Writing in THE BOOKMAN (Vol. I., No. 1) after Miss Rossetti's death, Katherine Tynan mentions that *Cranford* was a great favourite with her, as might be expected. I fancy there were many books which her scruples would not allow her to read. She appreciated Augusta Webster, Mrs. Browning, and Jean Ingelow, but not, so far as we can find, with anything of real passion. Mr. Mackenzie Bell says truly that although she never used a harsh word about any one, she was well able to discriminate between those she liked and those she did not care for. It is pleasing to note that she was fond of Southwell's "Burning Babe." But the way to her heart was the way of faith. She had perforce to associate with very many who were not Christians, but she was most at home with Christians. Her last years were years of severe and patient suffering from cancer, during which she was tenderly cared for by her brother and other friends. Her pecuniary circumstances, straitened for the most part of her life, were comfortable during her last years.

I shall not attempt again any criticism of her poems. Mr. Mackenzie Bell has taken a far sounder view of her real place in literature than many more pretentious critics. She is undoubtedly the great poetess of Catholic Christianity. No such treasury of sacred verse as her volume, modestly entitled *Verses*, has been written since George Herbert; in fact, it may reasonably be questioned whether, after all, Miss Rossetti will not stand higher in the end than George

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Herbert. This will give her, unless all signs fail, a place of unusual permanence in English literature. So long as Christianity lives in the world, so long many will find one of the profoundest interpretations of their experiences in Christina Rossetti's *Verses*. Doubtless her other poems have merits of the highest kind. Their austere tenderness, their unstudied and often half-disguised perfection of form, their flawless sincerity, their perception of obscure beauties—these and many other qualities deserve all the praise they have received, even the royal and lavish eulogy of Mr. Swinburne. But in order to appreciate her fully the reader must be a Christian, and a Christian of her own type. For this reason one of the best and soundest critics among us has entirely failed to see the value of *Verses*, and those who stood very close to her, even her own brother Dante, could not penetrate the depth of her secret. Mr. Mackenzie Bell wisely also appreciates her religious prose. It is very fine, grave, singular, and original. Her stories, *Commonplace* and *Maude*, may safely be neglected, but they are the only parts of her work of which this may be said. Mr. Mackenzie Bell sums up her life thus : " Like us all, Christina Rossetti had her sorrows, some of them deep and life-long, and yet she was a fortunate woman. She was fortunate in her parents, she was fortunate in her early surroundings, she was fortunate as she advanced in life in the other members of her family, and when she came to die she was fortunate in the warm praise of herself and her work which was universally expressed."

The bibliography contributed by Mr. J. P. Anderson, of the British Museum, is very satisfactory. There is little of her work that has not been reprinted. Two essays upon Dante remain in manuscript, and they are practically all. It will please many readers if I reprint one poem of hers which is very little known. It appeared in the *Athenæum* about fifty years ago.

DEATH'S CHILL BETWEEN.

Chide not ; let me breathe a little ;
  For I shall not mourn him long ;
Though the life-cord was so brittle,
  The love-cord was very strong.
I would wake a little space
Till I find a sleeping-place.

You can go,—I shall not weep ;
  You can go unto your rest.
My heart-ache is all too deep,
  And too sore my throbbing breast.
Can sobs be, or angry tears,
Where are neither hopes nor fears?

Though with you I am alone
  And must be so everywhere,
I will make no useless moan,—
  None shall say " she could not bear ; "
While life lasts I will be strong,—
But I shall not struggle long.

Listen, listen ! Everywhere
  A low voice is calling me,
And a step is on the stair,
  And one comes you do not see.
Listen, listen ! Evermore
A dim hand knocks at the door.

Hear me ; he is come again,—
  My own dearest is come back,
Bring him in from the cold rain ;
  Bring wine, and let nothing lack.
Thou and I will rest together,
Love, until the sunny weather.

I will shelter thee from harm,—
  Hide thee from all heaviness.
Come to me, and keep thee warm
  By my side in quietness.
I will lull thee to thy sleep
With sweet songs :—we will not weep.

Who hath talked of weeping ?—Yet
  There is something at my heart,
Gnawing, I would fain forget,
  And an aching and a smart.
—Ah ! my mother, 'tis in vain,
For he is not come again.

Mr. Mackenzie Bell deserves our cordial thanks for a highly creditable and pleasing book. He has done his very best, and I think Christina Rossetti would not have been displeased with his work. Higher praise can hardly be given.

Claudius Clear.

HANIA, AND OTHER STORIES.*

One inevitably turns to the plastic arts for fitting terms wherewith to characterise M. Sienkiewicz. He is a scene-painter, it is said, who essays broad rather than fine effects. Admitting that by virtue of his grand sweep and elemental simplicity he is neither a Sargent nor a Meissonier, and that to gain the slightest definite impression of him one must read at least a score of pages, it is by

* Hania. By Henryk Sienkiewicz. Translated from the Polish by Jeremiah Curtin. Boston : Little, Brown & Co. $2.00.

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no means so clear that he does not rank high among portrait painters, and that, in his native tongue, he is not as careful with details, the "edges and corners" Mr. Gosse complains of, as were Dumas and Scott. That he is not a stylist is everywhere apparent. Our own second-rate novelists would refrain from the repeated use of "etc." in a running narrative, would exhibit probably a wider vocabulary, and would avoid such child-like lapses into the obvious as are inseparable from M. Sienkiewicz's unbounded exuberance and vitality. But he succeeds, pictorially and emotionally, in producing miniature effects which a mere "scene-painter" would be sure to scamp. And as to strong characterisation, Zagloba, Pan Michael, Kmita, Pan Yan, and Marynia are tremendously alive.

"Hania," although only about a third of the present volume, has all the salient traits of the author's longest and best romances in so far as they deal with love. It tells of the growing affection of two youths, one Polish, the other Tartar, for the granddaughter of an old servant, Mikolai. Henryk, who was both proud and true, silently adored her; and Selim, an impetuous, showy fellow, perceiving what the other was loth to admit, openly made love to her, and all but won her in a spirit of rivalry. Numerous incidents point, to a nicety, the fluctuations of heart which the members of this triangular alliance underwent, and the selfish impulsiveness which, at critical times, overwhelmingly controlled each. When the boys started forth to attend college at Warsaw, Selim alone dared to snatch a kiss from Hania. But later, in the wine-cellar, it was Henryk who rose in his might and forbade a toast to the woman he loved. When Selim's horse, before the eyes of Hania, cleared a high gate, only an accident deterred the modest but resolute Henryk from proving himself as good a rider. But the sight of Selim walking with Hania was too much for Henryk, who out of jealousy contrived to be seen by them to kiss the hand of one Lola. Then followed many little miseries, an attempt on Selim's part to blacken Henryk's college record, an eavesdropping, a duel; and just when the lovers were sorry and there was a fair chance of patching up their misunderstanding, Hania was persuaded by Selim to ride away with him. In an English novel of passion this event, if used at all, would probably have been objective and final. But M. Sienkiewicz here, as elsewhere, seems to assume that young women are sensitive, wilful creatures, instantly ready, at sound of a sympathetic voice, to take decisive steps which they know to be wrong. It soon transpires that Hania, despite her sudden abandonment of him, loved Henryk, and the author causes her to be unhorsed and brought back by an old soldier who was a friend of the family. In effect the story has a happy ending, for not till the very close was Hania afflicted with smallpox, and, on losing her beauty, determined to disappoint the now ardent Henryk and repentant Selim by entering a convent. All of which is in the same vein as *Children of the Soil*, or the love scenes of the Polish Trilogy, with the usual infusion of tenderness and humour to relieve its abruptness.

"Charcoal Sketches," written in 1878, belongs to the period of the author's sojourn in California, and along with "Hania" induced M. Hankiel, a "man of taste" as he has been appositely termed, to lure M. Sienkiewicz back to Poland. They present with a pitiless veracity the social conditions of a remote corner of Poland, with which, from early years, the author was thoroughly familiar. Entering a community of ignorant, timorous peasants in the belief that a man of education could only "grow common" among them, the pompous little secretary, Pan Zolzik, practised extortions and cruelties unspeakable, with the connivance of the petty nobility. Several of the scenes are exceedingly graphic, none more so, perhaps, than that which depicts the persecution of the councillors by a swarm of flies.

Next in importance is "Tartar Captivity," in which there is little but a fire on the steppes, and the Cossacks using bound Tartars for fuel, to suggest *With Fire and Sword*, of which, as the translator says, it is a preliminary sketch. It reminds one of the episode of Azya kidnapping Basia in *Pan Michael*, and, standing alone, it has a homogeneity, a consistency of tone, which no one of the longer stories exhibits. The noble, whose ambition was to preserve unspot-

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ted the name of his fathers even in servitude, and who, spurning every degrading bait that was flung in his path, drew from the brutal Khan the words, "When ye fall into captivity be like this man," wins a tender admiration for his wounds, his nights with the camels, his repast of locusts and snails, and his lofty, unheralded service to the Commonwealth. Here, too, the impression is partially derived from minute effects, as where the lustrous-eyed Illa is pictured crouching in a corner and looking whole hours at the captive, and, again, when he hungered, haughtily throwing a barley cake toward him, which he, having an "iron soul," did not reach for. Thus it is vividly brought home to one that nothing could tempt him to give up his far-away Polish sweetheart for a voluptuous Eastern maiden, and be the Khan's equerry.

Of the remaining eight stories, "Let Us Follow Him" and "Lux in Tenebris Lucet" invade the realm of the supernatural—how effectively, opinions will vary; "At the Source" depicts a young Doctor of Philosophy whose sudden claim to respectability overcame the scruples of the adored one's parents, and who could not sleep, in that happy interval between betrothal and wedding, because his head was full of dresses, tables, cupboards, and arm-chairs; "That Third Woman" is a boyish, rollicking farce, savouring of studio life, in which the hero disguised himself as a "grandfather," or wandering minstrel, somewhat as Zagloba did in *With Fire and Sword*; and "On the Bright Shore" is a recent Monte Carlo sketch, the central figure being an artist of the familiar Polish type, with heart "soft as wax at woman's tears," and no very certain knowledge of his matrimonial bearings. However, after a disillusionising glimpse of the young widow, whom he first fancied, "lighting a cigarette and crossing her legs," one is absurdly and properly prepared to acquiesce with his resolute stand that he could not marry a "life of lies," and with his subsequent elopement in younger company.

After all, there is an outdoor breeziness, an oblivion of latter-day complexities, even in the shorter stories of M. Sienkiewicz which is decidedly refreshing.

George Merriam Hyde.

MR. LE GALLIENNE'S PARAPHRASES OF OMAR KHÁYYÁM.*

Mr. Justin McCarthy, in the introduction to his prose rendering of Omar's Rubáiyát, says: "It has been done in English verse once and forever, and to attempt verse again is but to put one's self in comparison with FitzGerald, which, in the pithy phrase of the great Hellenic humourist, 'is absurd.'"

This is what probably nine out of ten of the lovers of Omar, who are just so many as are the lovers of great poetry, said when they heard that a contemporary poet was making a new metrical paraphrase of the songs of Naisháp'r. I confess to having felt a great impatience at the thought that any one should attempt to better FitzGerald. It was inconceivable that FitzGerald should be bettered; and who, I thought, would wish to dishonour the great Persian by accepting him in a weaker rendering?

It was, therefore, with anything but the open mind of the ideal critic that I took up the exquisitely balanced and harmonious volume in which Mr. Le Gallienne's quatrains are presented. Nor was I altogether conciliated by the preface, whose cleverness seemed a trifle too airy to comport with its subject. It anticipated most objections, paid tribute to the impregnable supremacy of FitzGerald, and claimed but such consideration as a little yellow rose might win in the presence of the splendid purple bloom whose worship in the world was established. But the whimsical grace of its approach to the august theme appeared to suggest over-confidence, a too easy familiarity with this grim propounder of eternal problems, this daring advocate of grave and strange intoxications.

The opening, too, was not favourable to the newer hand. Mr. Le Gallienne's paraphrase opens with the same rubáiyát as FitzGerald began with; and whereas FitzGerald struck at the outset a tense and masterful chord, Mr. Le Gallienne's opening notes, though sweet, have a certain slackness in their tone. For several stanzas one is confirmed in the prejudice that here is but FitzGerald's work done over again less competently.

* Rubáiyát of Omar Khayyám, a paraphrase from several literal translations. By Richard Le Gallienne. New York: John Lane. The Bodley Head. $2.50 net.

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It is not improbable that at this point, and with this conclusion, many readers will lay the book down with a weary "I told you so." But if they do, they will lose one of the richest delights prepared for lovers of poetry this many a day. As one reads on, it presently appears that Omar fused in Le Gallienne is quite another poet from Omar fused in FitzGerald. As soon as Mr. Le Gallienne forgets his great predecessor, and finds his own voice, one feels that both renderings are indispensable, that neither can take the place of the other. Each gives something which the other does not give; and on the ground of sheer beauty, Mr. Le Gallienne's rendering at once finds excuse for being. The music of FitzGerald's lines is an organ-music, stately, sonorous, vast. Mr. Le Gallienne's lines, at their best, in their passionate appeal resemble rather the plangency of the violin.

Here, for instance, is the organ voice of FitzGerald:

"Earth could not answer; nor the seas that mourn
In flowing purple, of their Lord forlorn;
Nor rolling Heaven, with all his signs revealed
And hidden by the sleeve of Night and Morn."

The excellence of this second quotation, from Mr. Le Gallienne, is very different, but in its way by no means inferior:

"Forgetful Unforgotten, I have found
No face again like thine, nor thy profound
Sad eyes again, nor heard in all the world
As thy blest voice again so sweet a sound."

In fact, the two works are so completely unlike in tone, temperament, and after-taste, that one may read them in immediate sequence, and not more than half a dozen times be reminded that they derive from the one original. For the most part, indeed, their sources are not the same. In Mr. Justin McCarthy's prose translation of Omar Kháyyám there are four hundred and sixty-six *rubáiyát;* and of these only about one hundred were used by FitzGerald. It is mainly on the remaining three hundred and sixty-six—a rich enough treasure-house to stand yet further drafts—that Mr. Le Gallienne has drawn for his material. His most characteristic quatrains have no parallel at all in FitzGerald's translation, as, for example, this grave and poignant utterance:

"How wonderfully has the day gone by!
If only when the stars come we could die,
And morning find us gathered to our dreams—
Two happy, solemn faces, and the sky."

It seems to me there is a reticent pathos about these lines, as masterly in its way as FitzGerald's work is in its more vibrant and strenuous manner. But the fact that Mr. Le Gallienne has used chiefly the rubáiyát ignored by FitzGerald, and has used them with keen sympathy and an effective craftsmanship, finally disposes of the contention that his undertaking was a superfluous one. What he has done was needed by all Omar-lovers who find Mr. McCarthy's prose rendering inadequate; and what he has done he has in the main done so well that it needs no other justification than its own beauty. One needs, henceforth, both his FitzGerald and his Le Gallienne; and might well pray that yet a third poet, nobly rash, might take up with as magical fingers the rich gleanings which these two have left behind them.

In one or two instances Mr. Le Gallienne's scheme has compelled him to include certain stanzas which had already attained a peculiarly consummate grace under FitzGerald's hand, and passed almost into current speech. In these instances he has felt himself at such a disadvantage that comparative failure was a foregone conclusion. To paraphrase perfection is a task for no mortal. It is not to be wondered at, then, that these lines of FitzGerald's—

"A Book of Verses underneath the bough,
A Jug of Wine, a Loaf of Bread, and Thou
Beside me singing in the Wilderness—
O Wilderness were Paradise enow,"

lines which have been sweet on the lips of several generations of lovers, should seem insipid in this paraphrase of Mr. Le Gallienne's:

"O come, my love, the spring is in the land!
Take wine and bread and book of verse in hand,
And sit with me and sing in the green shade,
Green little home amid the desert sand."

Which is, after all, a musical and very faithful rendering of the original.

Not always, however, is Mr. Le Gallienne placed at such a disadvantage. The difference between his method and FitzGerald's is fairly shown in the following paraphrases. Omar himself, ac-

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cording to Mr. McCarthy's literal prose rendering, says :

"O Kháyyám, although indeed the wheel of heaven, in setting its tent, has closed the door to discussions, nevertheless the eternal Cup-bearer has formed in the cup of creation a thousand other Kháyyáms like unto thee."

With this both FitzGerald and Mr. Le Gallienne take amazing liberties. Each takes it upon himself to enrich the thought, apparently without compunction. I confess that to me Mr. Le Gallienne's addition seems the more significant. FitzGerald says :

"And fear not lest Existence closing your
Account, and mine, should know the like no more ;
The Eternal Sáki from that bowl has poured
Millions of bubbles like us, and will pour,"

and Mr. Le Gallienne says, with a looser expression, but a deeper suggestiveness :

"What purpose think you has the Sáki there,
Pouring those shining motes of wine and air?
A bubble's life—can it be nought to him?
A million bubbles—he must surely care!"

But, as I have said, Mr. Le Gallienne is at his best where he comes into no conscious competition with his great predecessor. How opposed to the whole tone of the FitzGerald paraphrase are the following quatrains :

"He who believes in hell and knows Thy grace,
Shall surely find in hell his resting-place.
Keep for the mosque these fables of Thy wrath—
No man believes them who hath seen Thy face.

* * * * * *

"Yea! I believe that He who made the skies
Is wonderfully good, and very wise—
Beloved Master! Hast thou never seen
The tears of pity gather in his eyes?"

In general, where FitzGerald's note is one of stern arraignment, Mr. Le Gallienne's is one of conciliation or of appeal. It is a far less virile note, but hardly less beautiful ; and sometimes it reaches a piercing intensity of which FitzGerald is not master. Especially is this the case in the quatrains printed in italics, as interludes, wherein Omar turns aside from philosophy and wine to make passionate cry to the woman he loves.

"O heart, my heart, the world is weary-wise!
My only resting-place is your deep eyes ;
O wrap me warm in their illusive love—
For well I know that they are also lies."

One more quotation will suffice, I think, to show Mr. Le Gallienne's independence of FitzGerald, his subtle craftsmanship, and the delightful freshness with which he treats his well-worn theme.

"At the pale gate of birth an angel stands
Singing a lying song of lovely lands.
Sweet as a bird each worn and weary lie—
The soul believes and takes the angel's hands."

The English-speaking world, I must conclude, is deeply in debt to Mr. Le Gallienne, not only for his presentation of a new side of the great Persian's genius, but also for a very finished and beautiful English poem.

Charles G. D. Roberts.

THE SCHOOL FOR SAINTS.*

A new period in John Oliver Hobbes's literary career begins impressively is *The School for Saints*. She has travelled far since *The Gods*, *Some Mortals*, *and Lord Wickenham*, and there was need. For that was an ugly story, with a nauseating atmosphere, and the air in this one is pure even to austerity. From the first her habit of smartness has been tempered by an intellectual outlook, but here mental energy dominates the book, making it a storehouse of suggestive things, brilliant things, paradoxical things, which the reader should by no means pass by breathless for the story, for these things make all the worth of the volume. Intellect, conviction, a personal vision of life have stamped themselves on the pages, but the story, the characters, hardly ever help, and often hinder the effect. As a book it is a brilliant chaos ; as a story it is a complete failure. Probably the writer had no intention of making a vivid and balanced plot ; but there is clear evidence she aimed at the achievement of living human portraits. Orange is a dreary fiasco. He is the young lady's hero, handsome, aristocratic, of ancient lineage, dignified, portentously solemn, a model of piety, chivalry, and the manners of the high world, perfectly inhuman, and a consummate bore.

* The School for Saints. Part for the History of the Right Honourable Robert Orange, M.P. By John Oliver Hobbes. New York: F. A. Stokes Co. $1.50.

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We have met him before in the pages of Ouida, but there we could laugh at him. Here we dare not, for he is the mouthpiece of the most admirable sayings; his creator endows him with her own literary aptitudes. His gait and conduct are wearisomely immaculate, and his style, in detached passages ascribed to him, is delightful. The heroine, Brigit, is impossible. Bred in a convent, she yet talks and acts and comports herself at seventeen with the aplomb, the eloquence, the skill, the trained intellect of an unusually experienced woman of fifty. That she is the granddaughter of an emperor does not explain this. On one occasion we are allowed to see her as the child she must have been. "'Oh, take me away from these people. They are stronger than I am, and they frighten me. I feel my weakness. While I am with them I try to look bold and clever. But my heart always trembles, and I know that, in the end, no matter how well I fight, I must lose the day. I am like a small bird on a battle-field.'" Here for once the young fluttering girl is near us. Then Disraeli is a mere shadow; so are the Carlists. Hercy is quite unnecessary. The fairly well conceived characters are the dull Whig, Reckage—but how much better would he have been in Trollope's hands!—and Pensée Fitz-Reeves, the sentimental, kind-hearted little fool, who is cleverly suggested, and who, by a triumph of Christian feeling, is hardly ever made fun of.

English politics, the Carlist agitation, and the strong refuge of the Catholic Church are the matters chosen to be welded. There is a description of an election, but the picture of the fight is blurred. The escape from Prim's soldiers is hardly more vivid. There is an enormous amount of undigested catholicity, including a long description of the *Bona Mors* ceremony, introduced apparently because Disraeli was once present, but whether he slept or scoffed or was reverential we do not learn. The *obiter dicta* on politics, on society, and human nature are all stimulating, all excellently expressed. The Catholic attitude to life is ably and brilliantly expounded. These things are the reason for the book's being. The incidents are detached, tawdry in arrangement, never inevitable, hardly visualised. John Oliver Hobbes is always original, and her latest book demands that you should skip the story and feed on the comments and reflections.

PROFESSOR DRUMMOND'S "IDEAL LIFE."*

"Nihil tetigit quod non ornavit" might truly have formed a part of Henry Drummond's epitaph. Perhaps it would be more accurate to say that he touched nothing which he did not vitalise. The most hackneyed themes become in his hands novelties and surprises. And this the present volume abundantly verifies. The subjects here treated have been handled a hundred times before, but new aspects disclose themselves in response to the original personality of Drummond. The great principles and main facts of the Christian religion seem not only more attractive, but more real and more reasonable while he speaks of them; and one recognises and owns the persuasiveness which characterised his speaking. Whether these addresses find the reception of his earlier books or not, they are likely to make a profounder and more enduring impression. Not argumentative, not elaborately illustrative, they are in the main simple and lucid statement of truth so presented as to find its own way to the mind and conscience. The memorial sketches are as brilliantly written as the reputation of their authors would lead us to expect, but we doubt whether Ian Maclaren was justified in saying that "in later years he [Drummond] lost all interest in *Natural Law*." In any case we must thank the editors for a volume of enduring value.

Marcus Dods.

* The Ideal Life—Unpublished Addresses. By Henry Drummond, F.R.S.E. With memorial sketches by W. Robertson Nicoll and Ian Maclaren. New York: Dodd, Mead & Co. $1.50.

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AMONG THE LIBRARIES.

There was shown at the bronze foundry of Mr. John Williams in New York, early in January, the last of the bronze doors designed and cast for the main entrance to the Congressional Library at Washington. The designs for the three doors of the main entrance were planned to illustrate three ways of communicating knowledge, by Tradition, by Writing, and by Printing. The last to be completed was that typifying Writing, which was designed by Mr. Herbert Adams after the death of the sculptor, Mr. Olin L. Warner. The central figure of the arc or tympanum is a female form typifying Writing. Surrounding this central figure are figures representing the four nations whose writings have most influenced civilisation, the Egyptian and Hebrew on the right with the Greek and Christian on the left. The panels on either side represent Research and Truth, accompanied by symbolical and decorative figures.

At the same time and place there was exhibited the Mapes Memorial Gateway for Columbia University, which is to be erected as an entrance to the university grounds on the Boulevard side.

A recent issue of the *Alumni Princetonian* gives an extended account, with views, of the new Princeton Library, which is substantially completed and has been already occupied. Its style is the English Collegiate of the later fifteenth century, and its inspiration is drawn from the English university buildings. The building is in the form of a hollow quadrangle about one hundred and sixty (160) feet square, two and one half (2½) stories high in the seminar-rooms and five (5) stories high in the stack-rooms, connecting with the old library building, known as the Chancellor Green Library, by a wing. The inner court is seventy-five (75) feet square. The stack-rooms have an estimated capacity, when fully utilised, of twelve hundred and fifty thousand (1,250,000) volumes beside reading-rooms and rooms for administration. Fifteen (15) seminar-rooms have been provided for the building. The architect of this building is Mr. William A. Potter, and the builders, Norcross Brothers, who built Columbia University Library. Much of the planning of the building has been done under the direction of Mr. M. Taylor Pyne, representing the donors, in consultation with Mr. Junius S. Morgan and the librarian, Dr. E. C. Richardson. The moving of books into the new library was begun on October 28th and completed within a week. The Princeton Library contains over a hundred thousand volumes, and has received within the past year or two some important gifts, and acquired influential and wealthy friends, from whom much is expected in the future.

New Jersey has also another important new library building in prospect. The plans for the Free Public Library in Newark, N. J., Rankin & Kellogg, architects, have been published in a neat pamphlet. This building is architecturally in the Italian renaissance style, and is to be constructed in light buff brick, with the basement story of light-coloured granite and trimmings of limestone. The stack capacity of the library is to be about four hundred thousand volumes. Provision has been made in the planning for every conceivable convenience for a public library, including children's room, newspaper reading-room, public bicycle check-room, staff bicycle-room, staff sitting-room, and staff lunch-room.

The December meeting of the Massachusetts Library Club, which was held in Boston on December 16th, was devoted in large part to a memorial of the late Justin Winsor, librarian of Harvard University. Mr. Winsor's death removes one of the most successful and distinguished recent librarians. The Boston Public Library, over which Mr. Winsor presided for nine years, was the place where his most important work was done. During his librarianship it won the reputation which it has not yet in any degree lost as the first and most important of American public libraries. The Harvard Library was, at Mr. Winsor's accession, too large and well established to be essentially modified by his activity. In the greatly increased use which has been made of university and college libraries during the past fifteen years, the Harvard Library has been among the leaders, and in this direction Mr. Winsor's influence has been most largely felt. His work as a historian and literary man has been scarcely surpassed by that of any author in this country, and forms in itself a magnificent record. The lofty ideals which he largely realised in the leading public library and the most important university library in the country will shape the future of both these institutions.

All librarians were gratified by the news that on January 12th Mr. William C. Lane, for several years past librarian of the Boston Athenæum, was appointed librarian of Harvard College to succeed Mr. Winsor. Mr. Lane's long experience in Harvard Library made him the natural successor to the librarianship, and his experience and standing as a librarian justify the satisfaction with which his selection for that important and honourable post has been received.

The Wisconsin State Historical Society reports for the past year an addition of 8695 titles, and has a present strength of 192,000 volumes. Its new building, still under way, will not be completed for some time to come.

A recent appointment to the staff of the Congressional Library is that of Mr. Herbert Friedenwald, who has been made superintendent of the Manuscript Department. Mr. Friedenwald read an interesting paper on "The Care and Preservation of Manuscripts" at the last meeting of the American Library Association at Philadelphia. The manuscripts in the Congressional Library have never received much attention, and have practically to be arranged and indexed or calendared. The most important body of these manuscripts consists of the collection, made by Peter Force, of documents relating to the period of the Revolution, including orderly books, weather official records, and many private letters and diaries.

A movement is on foot in Washington to consolidate in the Congressional Library in the

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Manuscript Department the historical manuscripts in the departments, and especially those in the State Department. This course would seem to commend itself to scholars in the interests of economy, convenience, and use.

The first report of the present librarian of Congress, Mr. John Russell Young, has just been issued. It gives an interesting view of the strength and the weakness of the national library, and shows, both by what it says and by what it omits, how thoroughly almost everything remains to be done to make the library what it should be.

The announcement is made that a course of study in library science has been organised in connection with the Columbian University in Washington with Dr. A. R. Spofford, formerly librarian of Congress, as head professor. The full course leading to the degree of Bachelor of Science requires four years for its completion, while special students on two years' work will be granted certificates.

The great *Katalog der Bibliothek der Köngl. Kunstgewerbeschule zu Dresden* has at last been completed by the publication of vols. IV. Bildhauerei ; VI. Arbeiten in Thon, Glas, Elfenbein ; XI. Hülfswissenschaften (History of Politics, Culture, Literature, Mythology, Costume and Armour) ; XII. Geschichte und Theorie von Kunst und Gewerbe ; XIII. Bildungswesen für Kunst und Gewerbe. A special separate *Alphabetisches Sach-Verzeichniss und Katalog-Einleitung* has also been published to serve as a handbook and guide to the large catalogue. Besides this catalogue of the library divided into subjects, it is proposed to issue a general catalogue of all the volumes under one alphabet.

The wonderful collection of papyrus which Messrs. B. Grenfell and A. Hunt brought to light in Oxyrhyncos, and have brought to Oxford, fills some two hundred and eighty chests, and only about one-tenth have so far been examined. It is estimated that there are several thousand complete writings there, and probably a million fragments. Of those examined, the majority are naturally notices and documents, yet the number of literary fragments is, in comparison with other finds, very large. The greater part of these are works which are extant now in perfect condition, and these do not show any especial new readings. To be mentioned are manuscripts of Homer, Sophocles, Aristophanes, Thucydides, Socrates, Plato, Demosthenes. The most important, however, are the remains of lost pieces ; five strophes from Alcman, two fragments of two comedies, poorly preserved ; finally, perhaps, most important, fragments from Aristoxenos. What will be found in the remaining nine-tenths is a matter of conjecture.

A recent report of the Conservateur of the Royal Library in Brussels, M. Ed. Fetis, shows that for the two years included, something over 60,000 volumes were used annually by about 32,000 readers, while some 2000 volumes were loaned from the library. The annual additions to the library for the two years were 3099 and 4014 volumes respectively.

A new society of bibliophiles, "La Société des XX," has just been started at Paris. Among the twenty members are Mmes. Juliette Adam and Armande Caillavet, M. le Prince Roland Bonaparte, Mm. Léon Bourgeois, Pierre Dauze, and Georges Hugo. The *Revue des Arts Graphiques* informs us that the purpose of this society is to have printed on special large paper, Whatman, vellum or Japan, twenty copies for the members of books chosen from those having an interest from their curiosity, originality, or intellectual power. An article of their constitution excludes from the society all subscribers or booksellers.

The last number of the *Centralblatt für Bibliothekswesen* gives an interesting account of the first meeting of German librarians, which may be supposed to correspond to the meetings of the American Library Association. This was held in September, and was attended by fifty-one members under the presidency of Dr. Schnorr von Carolsfeld, Director of the Royal Library at Dresden.

Among the papers read and discussed was one on "German Bookbinding of the Fifteenth and Sixteenth Centuries ;" another on "Modern Attempts at a General Catalogue," by Dr. Dziatzko, Director of the University Library in Göttingen ; a third paper was on the "Bibliography of the Reformation ;" a fourth on "Forms and Sizes of Books ;" a fifth on "Library Museums ;" others were on "Photography in the Service of Bibliography," and on the "German Library Movement." It will be seen that the topics discussed were in the main of technical or practical interest for modern library work, and assumed by no means an antiquarian or merely learned character. This meeting was held as a section of the Organisation of German Philologists and Teachers, in which form it is likely to continue.

The first and trial volume of the long-expected general catalogue of the Bibliothèque Nationale in Paris is about to appear. A long extract from the very extensive prefaces by the Director of the Library, M. L. Delisle, has been published, in which he gives most interesting accounts of the progress and character of the catalogue of that library. This published catalogue will contain from one and one half to two million entries, and is to be divided into three great sections, under each of which an alphabetical order will be preserved. The first series will contain works the authors of which are known. The second series includes books issued anonymously, together with many official or semi-official publications. The third division is to contain collections, periodicals, most official publications, and various other special classes of works, which it is thought can be better provided for here than in the other divisions.

The Bibliothèque Nationale is so much the largest library in Paris, that ordinarily the others are taken into but small account by strangers. In connection with the publication of the catalogue, M. Delisle discourses on the possibility and desirability of including in his catalogue books contained in other Parisian libraries, and not found on the shelves of the Bibliothèque Nationale. He comes to the conclusion, after investigation, that the Bibliothèque Nationale contains only about seventy per cent of the individual books, copies of which may be found in Paris, and that at least thirty per cent of titles would be added by incorporating the contents of the other public libraries. It will thus be seen how far from complete even in its

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own domain the world's greatest library really is.

An interesting statement showing how recent all rapid library growth has been, in Europe as well as in America, is the announcement concerning the condition of the collections on French history at a period ending in 1879 compared with that of 1897. There was issued from the Bibliothèque Nationale during the years from 1855 to 1879, in eleven quarto volumes, a catalogue of the works in the library on the history of France. This catalogue contained 161,763 entries. The same topics in the library at present contain 279,408 entries, or an addition for a period of less than twenty years of over seventy per cent, as compared with the whole previous history of the library.

The actual publication of the proposed catalogue is, after all, problematical, and depends entirely on the willingness of the government to grant the necessary funds. The importance of this undertaking to all scholars and scholarly libraries everywhere cannot be estimated. The example of the *British Museum Catalogue* will, it is to be hoped, not let the Frenchmen rest until they have accomplished something equally important.

In this connection it seems proper to call attention to another French bibliographical enterprise of the greatest interest to all scholars. This is the issue of the first volume of a *Catalogue Général des Incunables des Bibliothèques Publique de France*, by Mlle. Pellechet, which has been published by Picard. This volume goes to the article "Biblia," and contains 2385 entries. Libraries will have to put this work by the side of their Hein and Pantzer.

It may be worth while to note, for those who have the impression that only in this country have women anything to do with libraries and bibliography, that the compiler of this immense work is a woman.

George H. Baker.

THE BOOK MART.

For Bookreaders, Bookbuyers, and Booksellers.

EASTERN LETTER.

New York, February 1, 1898.

Trade during the past month has settled down to what may be termed a normal condition, and may be expected to continue so for the next three or four months. Business, on the whole, can be classed but fair when everything is taken into consideration. Text-books have entered to some extent into the sales of the month, and library trade has shown an increased activity, as was to be expected in view of the appropriations received at this season of the year by some of the libraries. A sharp competition exists in this department of the business, and many of the orders have to be bid for before they can be secured.

The publications of the month have been exceptionally light, the publishers having crowded everything possible into the autumn output for the holiday season. Comparatively few books of importance are among the recent issues. *The Intruder*, by D'Annunzio, is likely to be the most popular in point of sale. That publishers are not inactive is evinced, however, by the announcements of new books for the near future. They are both numerous and of works by well-known authors of the day, including *Shrewsbury*, by Stanley J. Weyman; *Simon Dale*, by Anthony Hope; *A Desert Drama*, by A. Conan Doyle, and *Paris*, by Émile Zola. *Four-Footed Animals*, by Mabel Osgood Wright, and *Birds of Village and Field*, by Florence A. Merriam, are among the announced out-door literature for the coming spring season.

The mainstay of the sales have been the popular volumes of fiction, and, as will be seen by a glance at the accompanying list of best selling books, still include the now familiar titles of several months past. To these may be added a continued demand for *Farthest North*, by Nansen, and *Alfred, Lord Tennyson*, by his son.

With the close of the holiday trade the demand for sets, juveniles, the popular editions of sixteenmos and twelvemos and illustrated editions largely ceases. The continued sale of the Gibson and Remington drawings is, however, an exception to this rule.

Religious works are always salable at this time of year, and at present *The Story of Jesus Christ*, by Elizabeth Stuart Phelps, continues in good demand. *The Ideal Life*, by Professor Henry Drummond, has proved popular, and *In His Steps*, by Charles M. Sheldon, and the volumes in the *Modern Reader's Bible* are selling readily.

In miscellaneous subjects, *Audubon and His Journals*, by M. R. Audubon, has been especially well received; also the sales of *The Old Santa Fé Trail*, by Colonel Henry Inman, and *Picturesque Sicily*, by William Agnew Paton, continue to be numerous. With the expected rush to the Klondike, it is likely that books on Alaska will again be much called for. *Alaska; Its Neglected Past and Brilliant Future*, by Bushrod Washington James, a recent publication, is already selling rapidly.

The outlook for the coming months is satisfactory, though just at present many of the dealers are taking account of stock and postponing orders, which will be given later.

The following is a list of the best selling books for the month in the order of their popularity:

Quo Vadis. By Henryk Sienkiewicz. Paper, 50 cents; cloth, $1.00.

The Choir Invisible. By James Lane Allen. $1.50.

Hugh Wynne. By S. Weir Mitchell. 2 vols. $2.00.

In His Steps. By Charles M. Sheldon. Paper, 25 cents; cloth, $1.00.

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The Honourable Peter Stirling. By P. L. Ford. $1.50.
The Christian. By Hall Caine. $1.50.
The Prisoner of Zenda. By Anthony Hope. 75 cents.
The Story of an Untold Love. By P. L. Ford. $1.25.
Captains Courageous. By Rudyard Kipling. $1.50.
The Story of Jesus Christ. By Elizabeth Stuart Phelps. $2.00.
Soldiers of Fortune. By Richard Harding Davis. $1.50.
Corleone. By F. Marion Crawford. 2 vols. $2.00.
In Kedar's Tents. By Henry Seton Merriman. $1.25.
His Grace of Osmonde. By Frances H. Burnett. $1.50.
Dariel. By R. D. Blackmore. $1.75.

WESTERN LETTER.

CHICAGO, February 1, 1898.

The new year has opened favourably, business having been, as a whole, quite satisfactory during the month which has just closed. Library trade was especially good, even for January, which is always an excellent month for this class of business. Country orders were fairly numerous, and called for, in most cases, a good class of books.

New publications did not help trade much, for they were very scarce last month, and nothing of any note appeared. A duller January in this respect has rarely been experienced. It usually happens that a few notable books get belated, and have to be postponed from November or December until just after the new year, but in the season just ended nearly everything that was originally announced actually appeared.

Paul Leicester Ford's *Story of an Untold Love* is having quite a successful run, and, like the author's famous *Honourable Peter Stirling*, it is selling even better now than when it was first published.

The outlook for spring business is at present bright and reassuring, and if the new books which are being prepared for publication during the first half of the year are equal in merit to last year's productions, a substantial increase of business over last year is not unlikely to be the result.

A peculiar effect of adverse criticism upon the sale of books may have been noticed lately in the case of *The Christian* and *The Beth Book*. With the first-named the uncomplimentary notices it received certainly served to stimulate the demand more than the good ones, but with the other book the press notices seemed to operate quite the other way, and very few of the sales could be traced to the influence of a review.

Historical and romantic fiction is still selling remarkably well. *Quo Vadis* is being bought largely all over the country, and *Hugh Wynne* is being recommended by every one who reads it, which is about the best advertisement a book can have. *Soldiers of Fortune* is still attracting the class of readers who admire a dashing story, and M. Imlay Taylor's new book, *An Imperial Lover*, is illustrating anew by its popularity the truth of the old adage that all the world loves a lover. Of the older favourites which first heralded this movement, *The Prisoner of Zenda* is still one of the best-selling books of the day, and so, in a lesser degree, is *A Gentleman of France* and *Under the Red Robe*.

Books on mining and allied subjects are now meeting with an increasing call, and the spring demand for these is likely to be a large one. The sale of technical books of all kinds is always best during the opening spring months, and there is every probability that the sale of these will be more than usually active this year.

Works on photography are quite frequently asked for nowadays, and for the best of them the sale is growing rapidly.

Quo Vadis still leads the van, with *The Choir Invisible* a good second. Following these, *The Christian*, *Hugh Wynne*, *The Honourable Peter Stirling* and *Soldiers of Fortune* sold extremely well, considering the great success they had through the Christmas season. Books of travel and biography were also well represented in the month's sales, especially such works as *A World Pilgrimage*, by Rev. Dr. J. H. Barrows; *The Old Santa Fé Trail*, by Colonel Inman; *Farthest North*, by Nansen; Justin McCarthy's *Life of Gladstone*, and Tennyson's *Memoir*, by his son.

The following books led the demand last month in point of sale:

Quo Vadis. By H. Sienkiewicz. $1.00 and $2.00.
The Choir Invisible. By J. L. Allen. $1.50.
The Christian. By Hall Caine. $1.50.
Hugh Wynne. By S. Weir Mitchell. 2 vols. $2.00.
Honourable Peter Stirling. By Paul Leicester Ford. $1.50.
A World Pilgrimage. By Rev. Dr. J. H. Barrows. $2.00.
The Story of an Untold Love. By Paul Leicester Ford. $1.25.
An Imperial Lover. By M. Imlay Taylor. $1.25.
Soldiers of Fortune. By R. H. Davis. $1.50.
Captains Courageous. By Rudyard Kipling. $1.50.
St. Ives. By R. L. Stevenson. $1.50.
The Story of Jesus Christ. By Mrs. Phelps Ward. $2.00.
Equality. By Edward Bellamy. $1.25.
In Kedar's Tents. By H. S. Merriman. $1.25.
His Grace of Osmonde. By Mrs. F. H. Burnett. $1.50.
The Law of Psychic Phenomena. By Thomson J. Hudson. $1.50.

ENGLISH LETTER.

LONDON, December 20, 1897,
to January 22, 1898.

If ever a book was a popular present it was the case during the last Christmas season. The press of business in the book trade during the week immediately preceding Christmas Day can only be understood by those upon whom the work in connection with it falls. It is diffi-

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cult to compare one year with another when working under great pressure, but the period in question is generally believed to have been one of the busiest ever experienced in the wholesale trade. There was the usual slight lull at the commencement of the new year, and now the school-book season is setting in with its customary briskness.

Business with foreign countries and British possessions is still good, and English literature appears to be as popular as ever all the world over. May it ever be so! A strong patriotic feeling must have taken hold of the public about Christmas time, for copies of Fitchett's *Deeds that Won the Empire* could not be procured in sufficient quantities to meet the demand. Several works of a similar nature were also selling very freely.

There has been of late more business doing in theological literature, Gore's *Epistle to the Ephesians* and Anderson's *Silence of God* being sold in large numbers.

A very noticeable feature in the Christmas trade was the great popularity of six-shilling illustrated books, such as *Highways and Byways of Devon*, *Nights with an Old Gunner*, *Undine*, and Rudyard Kipling's six-shilling books.

The death of "Lewis Carroll" has been followed by considerable inquiry for his charming books for children.

Six-shilling novels have abated nothing in favour with the reader. *The Christian* is the leading line, and with others that have been published for some months bid fair to occupy a permanent place in the literature of this country.

The issue of new books was continued till Christmas Eve. Many important works appeared too late for the season for which they were evidently intended. It has been suggested, in view of the enormous output of publications, that there should be a "close time" for books. Can any one suggest a plan by which this could be carried out? It is certainly a more serious matter for the wholesale trade than one might suppose.

Blackie's six-shilling books for boys were unrivalled in popularity. If the present generation of boys is not satisfied with them it must indeed be hard to please. These productions should be compared with a boy's book of forty or fifty years ago, say Vol. I. of Beeton's *Boy's Own Magazine*, which is before the writer of this article at this moment.

The appearance of *Peter the Great* and *The Little Minister* on the stage will account for the sale in good numbers of the books bearing these titles.

The first ten books named on the list appended were the leading lines of the Christmas week. With regard to the others it will be noticed that they comprise almost every class of publication, and are probably the best of their kind. It is needless to suggest why Prince Ranjitsinhji's work on cricket should be wanted at Christmas time.

Deeds that Won the Empire. By W. H. Fitchett. 6s.

Highways and Byways of Devon, etc. By A. H. Norway. 6s.

Blackie's 6s. Books for Boys.

Captains Courageous. By R. Kipling. 6s.

Miss Mouse. By Mrs. Molesworth. 4s. 6d.

Book of Verses for Children. Selected by E. Lucas. 6s.

Story of the Red Deer. By J. Fortescue. 4s. 6d.

Undine. 6s. (Macmillan.)

The Pink Fairy Book. By A. Lang. 6s.

Nights with an Old Gunner. By C. J. Cornish. 6s.

The Christian. By Hall Caine. 6s.

In Kedar's Tents. By H. S. Merriman. 6s.

The King with Two Faces. By M. E. Coleridge. 6s.

The Sign of the Cross. By W. Barrett. 6s.

The Beetle. By R. Marsh. 6s.

The Gadfly. By E. L. Voynich. 6s.

Jerome. By M. Wilkins. 6s.

Sunset. By B. Whitby. 6s.

The Little Minister. By J. M. Barrie. 6s.

At the Cross Roads. By F. F. Montresor. 6s.

Paul Mercer. By Adderley.

Lochinvar. By S. R. Crockett. 6s.

Kipling's 6s. Books.

Under the Dragon Throne. By L. T. Meade. 6s.

Many Cargoes. By W. W. Jacobs. 3s. 6d.

Private Life of Queen Victoria. 2s. 6d.

Modern English Literature. By E. Gosse. 6s.

St. Paul. By F. B. Meyer. 2s. 6d.

Hazell's Annual. 3s. 6d.

The Jubilee Book of Cricket. By Prince Ranjitsinhji. 6s.

Peter the Great. By R. Waliszewski. 6s.

Poems. By Stephen Phillips. 4s. 6d. net.

The Epistle to the Ephesians. By Canon Gore. 3s. 6d.

Lewis Carroll's Works.

Whitaker's Directory of Titled Persons. 2s. 6d.

Korea. By Mrs. Bishop (Miss Bird). 2 vols. 24s.

Tennyson's Life. 2 vols. 36s. net.

SALES OF BOOKS DURING THE MONTH.

New books in order of demand, as sold between January 1, 1898, and February 1, 1898.

We guarantee the authenticity of the following lists as supplied to us, each by leading booksellers in the towns named.

NEW YORK, UPTOWN.

1. Hugh Wynne. By Mitchell. $2.00. (Century Co.)
2. Gondola Days. By Smith. $1.50. (Houghton, Mifflin & Co.)
3. The Story of an Untold Love. By Ford. $1.25. (Houghton, Mifflin & Co.)
4. School for Saints. By Hobbes. $1.50. (Stokes.)
5. Story of Jesus Christ. Phelps. $2.00. (Houghton, Mifflin & Co.)
6. Free to Serve. By Rayner. $1.50. (Copeland & Day.)

NEW YORK, DOWNTOWN.

1. Quo Vadis. By Sienkiewicz. 25 cts. and $1.00. (Little, Brown & Co.)
2. The Choir Invisible. By Allen. $1.50. (Macmillan.)

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3. The Story of an Untold Love. By Ford. $1.25. (Houghton, Mifflin & Co.)
4. An Enemy to the King. By Stephens. $1.25. (Page & Co.)
5. Hugh Wynne. By Mitchell. $2.00. (Century Co.)
6. In Kedar's Tents. By Merriman. $1.25. (Dodd, Mead & Co.)

ALBANY, N. Y.

1. Quo Vadis. By Sienkiewicz. $1 00, $2.00, $6.00, and $12.00. (Little, Brown & Co.)
2. The Choir Invisible. By Allen. $1.50. (Macmillan.)
3. In Kedar's Tents. By Merriman. $1.25. (Dodd, Mead & Co.)
4. Interpretations of Life and Religion. By W. W. Battershall. $1.50. (Barnes.)
5. Captains Courageous. By Kipling. $1.50. (Century Co.)
6. Gondola Days. By Smith. $1.50. (Houghton, Mifflin & Co.)

ATLANTA, GA.

1. Quo Vadis. By Sienkiewicz. 25 cts. and $2.00. (Little, Brown & Co.)
2. The Choir Invisible. By Allen. $1.50. (Macmillan.)
3. The Christian. By Caine. $1.50. (Appleton.)
4. Story of an Untold Love. By Ford. $1.25. (Houghton, Mifflin & Co.)
5. Hugh Wynne. By Mitchell. $2.00. (Century Co.)
6. Lochinvar. By Crockett. $1.50. (Harper.)

BALTIMORE, MD.

1. The Story of an Untold Love. By Ford. $1.25. (Houghton, Mifflin & Co.)
2. With Edged Tools. By Merriman. $1.25. (Harper.)
3. The Gadfly. By Voynich. $1.25. (Henry Holt & Co.)
4. Quo Vadis. By Sienkiewicz. $2.00. (Little, Brown & Co.)
5. The Deluge. By Sienkiewicz. $4.00. (Little, Brown & Co.)
6. In Kedar's Tents. By Merriman. $1.25. (Dodd, Mead & Co.)

BOSTON, MASS.

1. Quo Vadis. By Sienkiewicz. $6.00, $2.00, $1.00, 25 cts. (Little, Brown & Co.)
2. Hugh Wynne. By Mitchell. $2.00. (Century Co.)
3. Free to Serve. By Rayner. $1.50. (Copeland & Day.)
4. Harvard Episodes. By Flandrau. $1.25. (Copeland & Day.)
5. Mademoiselle de Berny. By Mackie. $1.50. (Lamson, Wolffe & Co.)
6. Vivian of Virginia. By Fuller. $1.75. (Lamson, Wolffe & Co.)

BUFFALO, N. Y.

1. Quo Vadis. By Sienkiewicz. $1.00. (Little, Brown & Co.)
2. Hugh Wynne. By Mitchell. $2.00. (Century Co.)
3. The Choir Invisible. By Allen. $1.50. (Macmillan.)
4. Free to Serve. By Rayner. $1.50. (Copeland & Day.)
5. In Kedar's Tents. By Merriman. $1.25. (Dodd, Mead & Co.)
6. The Story of Jesus Christ. By Phelps. $2.00. (Houghton, Mifflin & Co.)

CHICAGO, ILL.

1. Hugh Wynne. By Mitchell. $2.00. (Century Co.)
2. By Right of Sword. By Marchmont. $1.25. (New Amsterdam.)
3. Quo Vadis. By Sienkiewicz. $1.00. (Little, Brown & Co.)
4. The Beth Book. By Grand. $1.50. (Appleton.)
5. Corleone. By Crawford. $2.00. (Macmillan.)
6. Two Captains. By Russell. $1.50. (Dodd, Mead & Co.)

CHICAGO, ILL.

1. Quo Vadis. By Sienkiewicz. $1.00. (Little, Brown & Co.)
2. The Choir Invisible. By Allen. $1.50. (Macmillan.)
3. A World Pilgrimage. By Barrows. $2.00. (McClurg & Co.)
4. The Christian. By Caine. $1.50. (Appleton.)
5. Hugh Wynne. By Mitchell. $2.00. (Century Co.)
6. An Imperial Lover. By Taylor. $1.25. (McClurg & Co.)

CINCINNATI, O.

1. Quo Vadis. By Sienkiewicz. 25 cts., $1.00, $2.00, and $6.00. (Little, Brown & Co.)
2. Story of an Untold Love. By Ford. $1.25. (Houghton, Mifflin & Co.)
3. The Choir Invisible. By Allen. $1.50. (Macmillan.)
4. The Kentuckians. By Fox, Jr. $1.25. (Harper.)
5. The Squirrel Hunters of Ohio. By N. E. Jones, M.D. $1.50. (The Robert Clark Co.)
6. Hugh Wynne. By Mitchell. $2.00. (Century Co.)

CLEVELAND, O.

1. Quo Vadis. By Sienkiewicz. $1.00. (Little, Brown & Co.)
2. Hugh Wynne. By Mitchell. $2.00. (Century Co.)
3. A Singular Life. By Phelps. $1.25. (Houghton, Mifflin & Co.)
4. The Choir Invisible. By Allen. $1.50. (Macmillan.)
5. The Christian. By Caine. $1.50. (Appleton.)
6. Story of an Untold Love. By Ford. $1.25. (Houghton, Mifflin & Co.)

DENVER, COL.

1. Quo Vadis. By Sienkiewicz. $1.00. (Little, Brown & Co.)
2. The Christian. By Caine. $1.50. (Appleton.)
3. The Prisoner of Zenda. By Hope. 75 cts. (Holt.)

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4. The Choir Invisible. By Allen. $1.50. (Macmillan.)
5. In His Steps. By Sheldon. Paper, 25 cts.; cloth, 75 cts. (Advance.)
6. Equality. By Bellamy. $1.25. (Appleton.)

DETROIT, MICH.

1. Quo Vadis. By Sienkiewicz. $1.00. (Little, Brown & Co.)
2. Hugh Wynne. By Mitchell. $2.00. (Century Co.)
3. The Gadfly. By Voynich. $1.50. (Holt.)
4. The Story of an Untold Love. By Ford. $1.25. (Houghton, Mifflin & Co.)
5. Captains Courageous. By Kipling. $1.50. (Century Co.)
6. Corleone. By Crawford. $2.00. (Macmillan.)

INDIANAPOLIS, IND.

1. Quo Vadis. By Sienkiewicz. $1.00. (Little, Brown & Co.)
2. Hugh Wynne. By Mitchell. $2.00. (Century Co.)
3. The Choir Invisible. By Allen. $1.50. (Macmillan.)
4. His Grace of Osmonde. By Burnett. $1.50. (Scribner.)
5. Chimes from a Jester's Bells. By Burdette. $1.25. (Bowen-Merrill Co.)
6. Dariel. By Blackmore. $1.75. (Dodd, Mead & Co.)

KANSAS CITY, MO.

1. Quo Vadis. By Sienkiewicz. $1.00. (Little, Brown & Co.)
2. The Choir Invisible. By Allen. $1.50. (Macmillan.)
3. Captains Courageous. By Kipling. $1.50. (Century Co.)
4. Lullaby-Land. By Field. $1.50. (Scribner.)
5. Story of an Untold Love. By Ford. $1.25. (Houghton, Mifflin & Co.)
6. Hugh Wynne. By Mitchell. $2.00. (Century Co.)

LOS ANGELES, CAL.

1. Quo Vadis. By Sienkiewicz. $1.00, $2.00. (Little, Brown & Co.)
2. Hugh Wynne. By Mitchell. $2.00. (Century Co.)
3. In Kedar's Tents. By Merriman. $1.25. (Dodd, Mead & Co.)
4. Captains Courageous. By Kipling. $1.50. (Century Co.)
5. The Christian. By Caine. $1.50. (Appleton.)
6. Corleone. By Crawford. $2.00. (Macmillan.)

LOUISVILLE, KY.

1. In Kedar's Tents. By Merriman. $1.25. (Dodd, Mead & Co.)
2. The Kentuckians. By Fox. $1.25. (Harper.)
3. Quo Vadis. By Sienkiewicz. $1.00. (Little, Brown & Co.)
4. Story of an Untold Love. By Ford. $1.25. (Houghton, Mifflin & Co.)
5. Hugh Wynne. By Mitchell. $2.00. (Century Co.)
6. St. Ives. By Stevenson. $1 50. (Scribner.)

MONTREAL, CANADA.

1. The Habitant. By Drummond. $1.25. (Putnam.)
2. Spanish John. By McLennan. $1.50. (The Copp-Clark Co.)
3. The Beth Book. By Grand. $1.50. (Morang.)
4. Quo Vadis. By Sienkiewicz. $1.50. (Morang.)
5. Ideal Life. By Drummond. $1.25. (Revell.)
6. Potter's Wheel. By Watson. $1.00. (Revell.)

NEW ORLEANS, LA.

1. Quo Vadis. By Sienkiewicz. $1.00. (Little, Brown & Co.)
2. Captains Courageous. By Kipling. $1.50. (Century Co.)
3. Diana Victrix. By Converse. $1.50. (Houghton, Mifflin & Co.)
4. The Christian. By Caine. $1.50. (Appleton.)
5. Dariel. By Blackmore. $1.75. (Dodd, Mead & Co.)
6. The Federal Judge. By Lush. $1.25. (Houghton, Mifflin & Co.)

PHILADELPHIA, PA.

1. Hugh Wynne. By Mitchell. $2.00. (Century Co.)
2. Quo Vadis. By Sienkiewicz. 55 cts. net. (Little, Brown & Co.)
3. Gondola Days. By Smith. $1.50. (Houghton, Mifflin & Co.)
4. Revolt of a Daughter. By Kirk. $1.25. (Houghton, Mifflin & Co.)
5. School for Saints. By Hobbes. $1.50. (Stokes.)
6. Dariel. By Blackmore. $1.75. (Dodd, Mead & Co.

PITTSBURG, PA.

1. Quo Vadis. By Sienkiewicz. $2.00. (Little, Brown & Co.)
2. Hugh Wynne. By Mitchell. $2.00. (Century Co.)
3. Captains Courageous. By Kipling. $1.50. (Century Co.)
4. The Latimers. By McCook. $1.50. (Jacobs.)
5. The Choir Invisible. By Allen. $1.50. (Macmillan.)
6. The Story of an Untold Love. By Ford. $1.25. (Houghton, Mifflin & Co.)

PORTLAND, ORE.

1. Alaska, the New Eldorado. By Wells. 50 cts. (The J. K. Gill Co.)
2. Quo Vadis. By Sienkiewicz. $1.00. (Little, Brown & Co.)
3. The Choir Invisible. By Allen. $1.50. (Macmillan.)
4. The Christian. By Caine. $1.50. (Appleton.)
5. Captains Courageous. By Kipling. $1.50. (Century Co.)
6. Hugh Wynne. By Mitchell. $2.00. (Century.)

PROVIDENCE, R. I.

1. Quo Vadis. By Sienkiewicz. $1.00. (Little, Brown & Co.)
2. Spanish John. By McLennan. $1.50. (Harper & Bros.)
3. Lin McLean. By Wister. $1.50. (Harper & Bros.)

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4. Hugh Wynne. By Mitchell. $2.00. (Century Co.)
5. Captains Courageous. By Kipling. $1.50. (Century Co.)
6. St. Ives. By Stevenson. $1.50. (Scribner.)

ROCHESTER, N. Y.

1. Quo Vadis. By Sienkiewicz. $1.00. (Little, Brown & Co.)
2. Hugh Wynne. By Mitchell. $2.00. (Century Co.)
3. Gondola Days. By Smith. $1.50. (Houghton, Mifflin & Co.)
4. Lochinvar. By Crockett. $1.50. (Harper.)
5. Lorraine. By Chambers. $1.25. (Harper.)
6. The Story of an Untold Love. By Ford. $1.25. (Houghton, Mifflin & Co.)

SALT LAKE CITY, UTAH.

1. Quo Vadis. By Sienkiewicz. $2.00. (Little, Brown & Co.)
2. The Christian. By Caine. $1.50. (Appleton.)
3. Story of an Untold Love. By Ford. $1.25. (Houghton, Mifflin & Co.)
4. Hugh Wynne. By Mitchell. $2.00. (Century Co.)
5. Pursuit of the House-Boat. Bangs. $1.25. (Harper.)
6. A Kentucky Cardinal. By Allen. $1.25. (Harper.)

SAN FRANCISCO, CAL.

1. Wild Flowers of California. By Parsons and Buck. $2.00. (Doxey.)
2. Idle Hours in a Library. By Hudson. $1.25. (Doxey.)
3. Quo Vadis. By Sienkiewicz. $2.00. (Little, Brown & Co.)
4. Captains Courageous. By Kipling. $1.50. (Century Co.)
5. The Lark. Books 1 and 2. $3.00 each. (Doxey.)
6. St. Ives. By Stevenson. $1.50. (Scribner.)

ST. LOUIS, MO.

1. Quo Vadis. By Sienkiewicz. $1.00. (Little, Brown & Co.)
2. Hugh Wynne. By Mitchell. $2.00. (Century Co.)
3. Story of an Untold Love. By Ford. $1.25. (Houghton, Mifflin & Co.)
4. The Christian. By Caine. $1.50. (Appleton.)
5. In Kedar's Tents. By Merriman. $1.25. (Dodd, Mead & Co.)
6. Year from a Reporter's Note-Book. By Davis. $1.50. (Harper.)

ST. PAUL, MINN.

1. Quo Vadis. By Sienkiewicz. $1.00. (Little, Brown & Co.)
2. Hugh Wynne. By Mitchell. $2.00. (Century Co.)
3. Captains Courageous. By Kipling. $1.50. (Century Co.)
4. Soldiers of Fortune. By Davis. $1.50. (Scribner.)
5. Year from a Reporter's Note-Book. By Davis. $1.50. (Harper.)
6. The Story of an Untold Love. By Ford. $1.25. (Houghton, Mifflin & Co.)

TOLEDO, O.

1. Quo Vadis. By Sienkiewicz. $1.00. (Little, Brown & Co.)
2. The Choir Invisible. By Allen. $1.50. (Macmillan.)
3. The Sowers. By Merriman. $1.25. (Harper.)
4. With Edged Tools. By Merriman. $1.25. (Harper.)
5. Under the Red Robe. By Weyman. $1.25. (Longmans, Green & Co.)
6. Hugh Wynne. By Mitchell. $2.00. (Century Co:)

TORONTO, CANADA.

1. Shrewsbury. By Weyman. Paper, 75 cts.; cloth, $1.25. (Longmans' Colonial Lib.)
2. Wayfaring Men. By Lyall. Paper, 75 cts.; cloth, $1.25. (Longmans' Colonial Lib)
3. Miss Balmaine's Past. By Croker. Paper, 75 cts.; cloth, $1.25. (The Copp-Clark Co., Limited.)
4. The School for Saints. By Hobbes. Paper, 75 cts. ; cloth, $1.25. (The Copp-Clark Co., Limited.)
5. Spanish John. By McLennan. Paper, 75 cts. ; cloth, $1.25. (The Copp-Clark Co., Limited.)
6. The Great Stone of Sardis. By Stockton. Paper, 75 cts. ; cloth, $1.25. (The Copp-Clark Co., Limited.)

TORONTO, CANADA.

1. The Habitant. By Drummond. $1.25. (Putnam.)
2. * The Choir Invisible. By Allen. 75 cts. and $1.25. (Morang.)
3. † The Final War. By Tracey. 75 cts. and $1.25. (Bell & Sons.)
4. † Singer of Marly. By Hooper. 75 cts. and $1.25. (Methuen.)
5. More Tramps Abroad. Mark Twain. $2.00. (Chatto & Windus.)
6. * Quo Vadis. By Sienkiewicz. 75 cts. and $1.50. (Morang.)

WORCESTER, MASS.

1. Corleone. By Crawford. 2 vols. $2.00. (Macmillan.)
2. Quo Vadis. By Sienkiewicz. $2.00 and $1.00. (Little, Brown & Co.)
3. Story of an Untold Love. By Ford. $1.25. (Houghton, Mifflin & Co.)
4. Letters of E. B. Browning. Edited by Kenyon. 2 vols. $4.00. (Macmillan.)
5. Old Virginia. By Fiske. 2 vols. $4.00. (Houghton, Mifflin & Co.)
6. School for Saints. By Hobbes. $1.50. (Stokes.)

THE BEST SELLING BOOKS.

According to the foregoing lists, the six books which have sold best in order of demand during the month are—

1. Quo Vadis. By Sienkiewicz.
2. Hugh Wynne. By Mitchell.
3. The Choir Invisible. By Allen.
4. The Story of an Untold Love. By Ford.
5. Captains Courageous. By Kipling.
6. The Christian. By Caine.

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